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MAX BYRD *on* ***Evergreen Review Reader***

Old Age Homes **MURRAY POLNER**

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LETTERS

hoves or dawks?

Northridge, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: How can we continue to cling to faith in the democratic political process when men like Sen. Edward Kennedy, Michael Harrington and the UAW's Paul Schrade support Humphrey knowing that in September of *this* year both Humphrey and Nixon supported the largest armament budget in history . . . when Lippmann and Lindsay (co-chairman of the Urban Coalition) support Nixon; when the only discernible purpose and result of the recent New Coalition Conference in Minneapolis was castration of any effective political opposition to the warfare state in *this* election.

Are these hawk-supporting doves free and responsible men? Are they proving once again that liberals are incapable of creating a politics of truth, peace and sanity?

Nicholas V. Seidita

roots of racism

New York City

DEAR SIRS: I do not think that B. J. Widick quite got to the heart of the Wallace wave among industrial workers ["Why They Like Wallace," *The Nation,* Oct. 14]. It is not racism "pure and simple" that is involved but racism within a specific historic context which is not simple.

During the New York school integration crisis of 1964, I was startled to hear more than one liberal middle-class parent, engaged in battle against integration plans pressed by militant blacks, give passionate expression to an intent to support Barry Goldwater. Two decades earlier, when the Communists attempted to preserve some war-created jobs for Negroes by introducing the concept of super-seniority, even "Left" unions were torn by hysterical dissension and the concept quickly died.

The point is that the pervasive historic deprivation—economic, social, cultural and psychological—of 20 million blacks cannot be redeemed in today's highly organized and relatively inflexible order without large-scale sacrifices by the entrenched white majority, and no entrenched group ever makes such sacrifices voluntarily. . . .

If organized industrial workers feel themselves most threatened, it is probably because they have "made it" relatively recently. They see the disorders, riots, threats of revolution as directed against their new found status and economic equality, won largely through the unions. The struggle of the Negro for economic equality brings him into conflict with the job security features which are the most precious attainment of American unionism, but which now serve as an obstacle to the resolution of black oppression.

The current New York school crisis is a complex reflection of this national conflict. It is a matter of massive record that the ghetto schools have not been educating the children. It is irrelevant that white, middle-class teachers have been personally blameless. . . . What is relevant is that in the name of job security, academic freedom and justice for teachers, the union is blocking possible approaches for improving the situation through control by the black communities of the education of their own children. I do not know how many teachers will turn to Wallace, but I have observed emotions which seemed very close to those of white liberal parents who vowed to back Goldwater.

The tragedy is that in the spiraling intensification of the conflict between the entrenched white workers and the aroused, oppressed blacks, both are threatened with engulfment by a reactionary wave which can swell to fascism.

Max Gordon

EDITORIALS

Campaign '68

If there is to be any dancing in the streets, it will be because this wretched campaign is finally behind us; no one has had a kind word to say for it. As a British journalist put it, the people were offered the choice between a clown with a tragic face, a marionette and a Southern primitive out of the pages of William Faulkner. Not one memorable speech was made; the talk, of remarkably low quality, centered on "dead visions, dead purposes and dead politics." Yet this latest Presidential election, like so many in the past, produced an interest disproportionate to its personnel and content. The American people have a remarkable capacity to minimize political disaster. With the miserable hand they were dealt in this campaign, they did surprisingly well.

Campaign '68 may not have yielded a single noble speech, but it did produce a hero. Senator Eugene McCarthy's decision to offer a challenge to President Johnson within the Democratic Party changed the landscape of the campaign. Once he had provided a point of resistance, voters in the key primary elections proceeded to demonstrate that—as everyone but the "old pros" of both parties had known for some time—there was a large and growing opposition to the war and a sharp rejection of the President's leadership. The chorus of opposition which Senator McCarthy evoked, more than any single factor, prompted the President to withdraw and seek a negotiated settlement. Historians of Campaign '68 will certainly record McCarthy's candidacy as one of the most extraordinary demonstrations in our political experience of what can be accomplished despite the limitations of the old politics by even a casual candidate with a largely amateur following, if he has possession of a great issue.

But there is more to Campaign '68 than the McCarthy rebellion. The pundits are now telling us that a "swing to the Right" has taken place in American politics. It may be so, but the returns do not show it. The primary elections dramatized the magnitude and intensity of popular opposition to the war. Offered a "choice" of Nixon, Humphrey and Wallace, despite a clearly indicated preference for other candidates, a minority of the electorate concluded that the best way to effect a change was to vote for Nixon. A large part—perhaps the largest part—of Nixon's vote was a vote against Johnson. If the Nixon vote had been restricted to his personal following, he would have been soundly defeated.

Actually the situation was "structured" for the Republicans to take the Congress as well as the Presidency. If Rockefeller had been nominated, the Republicans would have made a sweep of it. But, as the returns show, Nixon had no coattails. What he did was to minimize opposition to the Johnson Administration. Among the active Democratic contenders, only Humphrey could have lost to Nixon, just as only Nixon, among the Republicans, could have failed to lead a landslide. True, if one adds the Wallace vote to the Nixon vote it is possible to hypothesize some swing to the Right; but a large part of the Wallace

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vote was itself a protest, nor would all of it have gone to Nixon if Wallace had not been a candidate. The main point, in any case, is that it is unreasonable to assume a swing to the Right in an election in which there was no Left. The public was given a "choice" of candidates all of whom were essentially conservative in terms of today's needs and problems. Mr. Humphrey offered no brave new programs. He did not seriously address himself to the new issues; what he offered were, at best, warmed-over New Deal and Great Society measures, with only a hint or two of some possible modification of cold-war policies.

To confront voters with the worst political choice of the century and then interpret the results as a swing to the Right is to overlook the fact that the Congressional and Senatorial returns cannot be read in that way. If President Johnson had been renominated, it is fair to assume that he would have pulled many Democratic nominees down to defeat. As it was, some Democratic nominees—Senators Church and McGovern to name two—won in large part because they were known to have opposed the President on the war.

Senator Nelson, a dove, won re-election from Wisconsin—which went for Nixon and re-elected a Republican governor. Governor Hughes was elected to the Senate from Iowa, which voted for Nixon. Arkansas went for Wallace but re-elected Senator Fulbright and Gov. Winthrop Rockefeller. And so it went.

Senator Gruening lost not because of his stand on Vietnam but because (unfairly but understandably) of his age —81. Senator Clark lost in Pennsylvania not because his general record was rejected but because he had, inadvertently or perhaps indiscreetly, offended Italian-Americans and had been an advocate of strong gun-control legislation. If Senator Morse loses, it will not be because of his stand on issues but for other reasons (see *The Nation*, May 27, p. 687). Senator Monroney has been a better-than-average Senator, but he is certainly no dove.

Nelson, Fulbright, Church, McGovern and Ribicoff came through in fine style and so did Birch Bayh—in a state that went for Nixon. In California, Alan Cranston defeated Max Rafferty; in Maryland, Charles McC. Mathias, a Republican dove, defeated Senator Brewster; Thomas F. Eagleton won in Missouri; and, as expected, Senator Javits registered another personal triumph. Both Gilligan, in Ohio, and Clark, in Illinois, ran remarkably strong races.

That the Democrats did as well as they did in the House indicates that voters were not seeking an opening to the Right. And the election of such candidates in New York as Mrs. Shirley Chisholm, the first Negro woman to serve in the House, Allard Lowenstein, who had much to do with the original "Dump Johnson" movement, and Edward Koch points to the same conclusion.

The fact is that Nixon—always the "loser" even when he wins—lost votes steadily from about the middle of September down to the moment the polls closed. The size of the Humphrey vote reflects not so much a preference for the "lesser evil" as a strong protest against the greater. The more "exposure" Nixon obtained, the more votes he lost. Something about this strange man conveys an im-

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pression of almost total insincerity and bottomless personal insecurity. Vice President Humphrey tried hard (one must admire his spunk, verve and high spirits) to make the fitness of Nixon—and Agnew—the dominant issue. The size of his vote demonstrates that he was succeeding, but he ran out of time. More important, perhaps, the "anti-Johnson" feeling was too strong and too pervasive.

The question now is: what approach will Nixon take to the difficult political problems he will face on assuming office? He could, of course, attempt to reconstitute the old Dixiecrat-Republican coalition, but this is not a promising course of action, except perhaps on selected issues. Sen. Strom Thurmond is not a great figure among the Dixiecrats. Most of the Southern Democrats have an acute sense of political realities; they know that they must yield to Negro demands without appearing to, and as slowly as possible. Texas, with a splendid accumulation of Johnson-bestowed defense goodies and federal projects, has shown a firm if quiet determination not to permit the Wallace movement to jeopardize these benefits. Other Southern states are beginning to exhibit a similar political sophistication. Nor are the Dixiecrats willing to forfeit their seniority by following Thurmond into the Republican Party.

A more likely strategy for Nixon would be to work through the liberal Republicans in the House and Senate, knowing that the liberal Democrats will support them on a great many issues. In general, that is what President Eisenhower did; it is the best course for a Republican President who must live with a Democratic Congress, and who must look ahead, first to the 1970 Congressional election and beyond that to Campaign '72. Nixon is astute enough to realize that his best hope is to tap the resources of talent and leadership, of political and financial support, to be found in the liberal-moderate wing of the GOP, particularly if he plans, as he must, to make a better showing next time in the big industrial states of the East. Governor Reagan, who tried the opposite approach of cultivating the party's right wing, is now confronted with the prospect of decapitation by Jesse Unruh in 1970.

With his own political survival at stake, Nixon will be forced to pay close attention to the demands of urban Negroes who, in this election, demonstrated once again their power in the big cities in the key states. The President-elect can read the Wall Street returns on peace and Vietnam as easily, and as accurately, as the next man; he knows that "the Street" wants the war terminated, now. He knows that there is little enthusiasm in that quarter for further "limited" wars. Also, the circumstances confronting the country dictate a somewhat more cautious, less aggressive foreign policy, with some curtailment of overseas bases and commitments and less emphasis on counterrevolutionary capers. The real danger with Nixon arises, first, from the fact that he will be a noisy advocate of bigger arms spending—for which, unfortunately, there *is* support in "the Street"—and, second, because he will not push for disarmament or arms control.

On balance, it was better that Nixon should win than that the election should have been thrown into the House. If that had happened, it might have gravely complicated the Paris negotiations. He will be forced to deal with a Democratic Congress that has lost little strength and has an experienced leadership. This leadership, notably in the Senate, has begun to recapture some of the legislators' prerogatives in the field of foreign policy. From this Congress it is doubtful that Mr. Nixon will get many "joint resolutions," Gulf of Tonkin style. He enters the White House bearing a credibility gap as great as that which President Johnson fashioned for himself over the years in office. From the day he takes office, Mr. Nixon will be looking over his shoulder at Sen. Edward Kennedy and forward to 1972.

The new President will be warily watched by a press which knows him well and with which his relations have never been cordial. There is something to be said also for the view that it is time the American people outgrew their enthusiasm for messianic leadership in the White House. While some Presidents are greater leaders than others, they are all human beings and should be regarded as such; we can dispense with "father images" and glamorous young charismatic types. This time there will be no initial illusions; we shall be spared the honeymoon. If Mr. Nixon becomes acceptable to the public at large, it will be after he demonstrates that he is worthy of the trust that a minority has placed in him. Today, he is widely known and widely distrusted. In effect he is another "accidental" President. The people should realize that this time they have been put on notice in advance; it is their responsibility to watch this man. On his record, Mr. Nixon is entitled only to the support he earns; he takes office with no reserves of confidence.

In the meantime, prospects for renovation and renewal in the Democratic Party should show improvement. A good start was made in the rule changes adopted in Chicago. New Politics elements have strengthened their position within the party in Wisconsin, Michigan, California, New York, Illinois, Ohio, Colorado, Texas and other states. Negroes today constitute perhaps the largest single element within the party and are gaining additional leverage through the rise of "new" Democratic parties in Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi.

In the big urban centers, the power of the city bosses has been undercut. The combined specters of Nixon and Wallace forced certain elements to coalesce behind the old machines in this election, so that they appear to be as sturdy as ever. But that is a surface illusion. As expected, Daley was able to get what the machine needed in Cook County, but his hold on the party in Illinois has been weakened. In Philadelphia, ward leaders were reduced to such stratagems as applying pressure on those for whom traffic tickets had been fixed to get them to the polls. Meany's dominance of the AFL-CIO is weakening, and now that the eletcion is over Reuther can step up the competition for leadership.

In an odd way, Nixon's election may help the new Democratic leaders. It will give them a mandate to renew and revitalize the Democratic Party. Of course a harsh struggle will take place for party control, but on balance circumstances favor the ultimate success of those who are out to refashion the Democratic Party. The old coalitions are breaking up, new coalitions and alignments are reforming, and above all, new issues are emerging.

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Message to the Intelligentsia

In the 1964 election, Lyndon B. Johnson received the overwhelming support of intellectuals. While he was hardly their *beau ideal*, he was running against Barry Goldwater. When the Vietnamese War took a course that showed they could hardly have done worse with Goldwater, the intellectuals defected, at first in a stream and then in a flood. Some of those who departed had been key figures in the Kennedy administration; personally, Mr. Johnson was no doubt glad to see them go. But he was not oblivious to the fact that widespread antagonism among thoughtful citizens can be unhealthy for any President, however secure at the outset his reputation may appear.

A particular problem arose in connection with the White House overseer of intellectuals, Dr. Eric Goldman. Even if he had been in wholehearted support of the war, Goldman could not have withstood the opposition to it on the campuses and in the liberal press. Mr. Johnson, however, did not make allowances. In an effort to narrow the breach and improve Dr. Goldman's performance, Mr. Johnson appointed three assistant intellectuals, but to no avail. Then the President, with the aid of Mrs. Johnson, resorted to the White House Festival of the American Arts, where unfortunately the spotlight was seized by certain invited intellectuals who used the occasion to speak out against the war. Shortly thereafter, in August, 1965, Goldman resigned, blaming both the President and the intellectuals for what he termed "a tragic estrangement.' He was rewarded with a White House statement that he had never worked anything like a full-time schedule.

At this juncture, Vice President Humphrey induced the President to appoint as Goldman's successor John P. Roche, chairman of the department of politics at Brandeis University and former chairman of ADA. Instead of trying a soft sell, Roche proceeded to berate the customers. "Who are these alienated intellectuals?" he asked. "Mainly the New York artsy-craftsy set. . . . A small body of people who live in affluent alienation on Cape Cod and fire off salvos against the vulgarity of the masses. . . ." In March, 1968, conducting a press conference at the UN "at the suggestion of Washington," Roche compared Johnson's critics with the intelligentsia of 19th-century Russia —"a self-defined, self-anointed, self-appointed cultural elite which has taken unto itself the job of protecting the society from various and sundry problems. . . ." This approach was even less successful than the White House party during Goldman's ill-starred period of service.

At one time the President tried inviting a group of government-employed intellectuals to lunch, but instead of asking for their views he spent most of the time haranguing them, with predictably dismal effects. Later, however, it seemed that a successful formula had at last been worked out. Eric Sevareid turned up an anti-intellectual intellectual who greatly admired Mr. Johnson and might perhaps be able to make the pro-intellectual intellectuals see the light. The new paragon was Eric Hoffer, the ex-longshoreman who had made a career out of cultivating middle-brow distaste for the intellectual community. Johnson and Hoffer hit it off perfectly. The White House press aide conceded that Mr. Johnson had not read any of Hoffer's books, but it turned out that Roche had long admired both the author and his works. It helped, also, that Hoffer regarded John F. Kennedy as having been essentially a European. "All you have to do," he told Mr. Johnson, "is tabulate how many times Kennedy crossed the Atlantic and how many times he crossed the Appalachians, and you know where he belonged."

Eventually Roche left the White House service and wrote an article for *The New Leader* (October 21) entitled "Can a Free Society Fight a Limited War?" The text leaves one in doubt as to whether Roche is more sorry for himself or for Mr. Johnson. "I have watched," he writes, "impotent and heartsick, while the War has eroded the position of the Johnson Administration." He describes himself as "an old-fashioned liberal cold warrior"; with others who share his views he stands appalled "by the fact that a great President, Lyndon Johnson, has gone into political limbo because of his indomitable commitment to a sound but unpopular policy, flexible response and limited war." The alternatives, as Roche views the future, are isolationism and "its identical twin, nuclear deterrence."

It is a safe prediction that, back on the Brandeis campus and writing for King Features Syndicate, Roche will have no more success in healing the breach between Johnson and the intellectual community than he had during his term as the White House intellectual-in-residence. And soon it will not matter.

Carolina Law 'n' Order

A few days after the assassination of Martin Luther King, five Negro boys, aged 16 to 20, set fire to a Ku Klux Klan hut in Benson, N.C. They were caught and pleaded guilty to arson. The only witness for the state, a police agent, testified that the damage to the building was not great. The attorney for the boys pleaded for leniency, on the ground that they were emotionally upset at the time. But Superior Court Judge William Y. Bickett declared that "the courts must stop people from damaging other people's property" and sentenced each of the five to *twelve years at hard labor.*

In North Carolina the Klan is legally chartered by the Secretary of State.

'WHERE'S MY *NATION*?'

During October, the mail distribution of *The Nation* was most unsatisfactory, and the publisher apologizes for the irritation caused by the delays. The trouble occurred because our mailing house was bought, oddly enough, by American Can (see "Conglomerates," *The Nation,* October 28), and announced between one issue and the next that it would no longer handle our work. In this emergency, we had to make overnight arrangements in the neighborhood of Milford, Conn., where the magazine is printed, and the firm available at the moment proved inadequate. We have now made other arrangements and believe the emergency is over. *The Publisher*

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ELECTION MOSAIC

Reports from the Great Centers

JEROME L. WILSON **New York City**

Mr. Wilson covers Albany as a legislative correspondent for WCBS-TV.

NEW JERSEY. Sixteen months ago twenty persons were killed in the Newark riots. The black Central Ward was the setting, and quite literally the white North Ward had the front-row seats. In this election these two bordering wards in Newark were figuratively miles apart.

In many ways New Jersey really told the national election story in the tri-state area that pivots on New York City. Even though George Wallace got a low 9 per cent of the Jersey vote, it was enough to swing the state to Richard Nixon, a pattern followed in other industrial states in the nation. And it wasn't the chicken farmers of downstate Jersey who supplied that Wallace vote. It came from traditionally Democratic Hudson County. It came from the North Ward of Newark.

In addition to reflecting the impact of Wallace, New Jersey showed graphically the electoral division between black and white. In key districts, selected by WCBS-TV News, a backlash vote surfaced in Newark's North Ward. The ward is mostly Italian American and usually votes overwhelmingly Democratic; but this time George Wallace took 18 per cent of the vote, Nixon 35 per cent. And only a few blocks away, sample precincts in the black Central Ward reported 87 per cent for Humphrey, 12 per cent for Nixon, nothing for Wallace.

NEW YORK. Humphrey needed the state if he was to make a real run for the Presidency, and the fact that it voted so strongly Democratic is a credit to the "forgive and forget" attitude of those peace Democrats who won the state's June primary. There were a couple of other Democratic dove victories in New York, although the big one, the Senate candidacy of Paul O'Dwyer, went down. The peace triumphs were Allard Lowenstein's exciting race for Congress in Nassau County, and to a lesser degree Edward Koch's Congressional victory in Manhattan. Lowenstein, who has a demonstrated gift for organizing dissenting forces in the country, could play a major role in restructuring the Democratic Party during its years out of power.

New York also saw the erosion of moderate Republicanism in this election despite the re-election of Jacob Javits. Conservative Senate candidate James Buckley tallied more than 1 million votes. If the Democrats offer a strong candidate for governor in 1970, as they are expected to do for a change, the GOP will be tempted to turn to the Conservatives for a co-endorsement. The Conservatives will demand in exchange that the state Republican Party should return to conservative principles and nominate conservative Republican candidates. Nelson Rockefeller's idealism and his bankroll have kept the Republican Party relatively pure until now. But if Rockefeller goes to Washington, or retires, the Conservatives will begin to tell Republicans how to be Republicans.

The Democratic loss of the state Assembly in Albany is a story touched with irony. For years, the Republicans controlled the state legislature by means of a constitutional gerrymander that favored upstate rural districts. The Democrats protested and protested through the lean years, until finally the courts threw out the unfair apportionment formula, and with the aid of the Johnson landslide the Democrats took control of both Houses in 1964. They soon lost the Senate, but kept the lower House. Now they have lost that too, and have no one to blame but themselves and the electorate.

The new Republican-controlled Assembly will probably choose Suffolk lobster wholesaler Perry Duryea to be the next Speaker. Duryea made a crusade out of cutting back the Governor's Medicaid program at the last session, and because of the conservative character of the legislature won more extensive cuts than even the Governor was prepared for. As for former Speaker Anthony Travia, he made it just in time to the federal court bench. His district in the Assembly was carried by Vito Battista, formerly of the United Taxpayers Party, who ran as a Republican. Rosemary Gunning, founding member of the anti-school-busing PAT, also won election to the Assembly.

CONNECTICUT. The smallest of the three states in the metropolitan area is by tradition part of New England, but it proved that it is now in the Democratic Party. George Wallace got a puny 6 per cent of the vote, and the Humphrey totals and the Ribicoff re-election reflected the state's preponderant Democratic registration.

All three states—New York, New Jersey and Connecticut—returned Democratic Congressional delegations to Congress, which is a tribute to the late surge of Hubert Humphrey and to the firm positions many of these Democratic incumbents have gained for themselves in heavy Republican districts.

Whether in Newark, Harlem—or for that matter, Atlanta, Ga.—the black communities supported Mr. Humphrey. To a far lesser extent, if Wallace did forge a national movement, and that is debatable, his vote came from low- to middle-income whites. By and large, the peace vote came out for Humphrey, both in the East and across the nation.

The most disturbing factor is the suggestion that votes separated by race, rather than by economics or, indeed, ideology. It is one thing when pressures in an electorate are formed by economic jealousies or aspirations; it is another when they derive from prejudice.

In this campaign the President-elect and his running mate saw fit to avoid personal campaigning in the Negro districts of the area. Not that they lacked a genuine de-

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sire for the Negro vote, or for future black cooperation with their government. Still, one must assume that the strategists around Nixon judged that a campaign in Harlem would lose him votes in other parts of the country, or even in the white communities next door. In this respect, the Nixon campaign hardly contributed to its stated objective of unifying the nation.

PHIL KERBY **Los Angeles**

Democratic leaders in California consoled themselves Wednesday with the thought that the party's defeat could have been much worse. At the same time, they expressed amazement that Richard Nixon did not win nationally by a far larger margin. They are convinced that Rockefeller could have beaten Humphrey easily. One said, "only Nixon had a chance to lose to Humphrey."

They give Nixon credit for helping to unify the Democratic Party—to the extent that it was unified in the last weeks of the election. But even those who most strenuously opposed Humphrey's nomination grant that he conducted a formidable campaign. One said, "Humphrey took Johnson's defeat by proxy."

In California, the Republicans took over the state legislature for the first time in a decade, but by the narrowest of margins. But they lost Senator Kuchel's seat to Alan Cranston, who beat Max Rafferty by a comfortable 400,000 votes. Unruh is now out as Speaker, but may become a leader in realigning party factions. The Democrats will probably keep their 21-to-17 edge in the California delegation to the House of Representatives. George Wallace got only 7 per cent of the vote, and on the Left, the Peace and Freedom Party was a nullity.

It was the war and its train of domestic ills that brought Humphrey-Johnson down. Political leaders here expressed astonishment that Humphrey came as close as he did after the debacle of the Chicago convention, which mirrored in the minds of millions all that was wrong in the country.

"I can't explain what they will be, but I have a gut feeling that big changes are coming in politics," former Gov. Pat Brown said. Masses of people are alienated. They want the political parties to respond more quickly to their problems. Brown suggested that McCarthy or Ted Kennedy may become the leaders of the New Politics.

Whatever form the New Politics will take, Democratic leaders here believe the changes will be largely inside the Democratic Party. They don't see a new party arising on the Left, and they think Wallace will be confined to the Deep South, although they don't discount his future influence elsewhere.

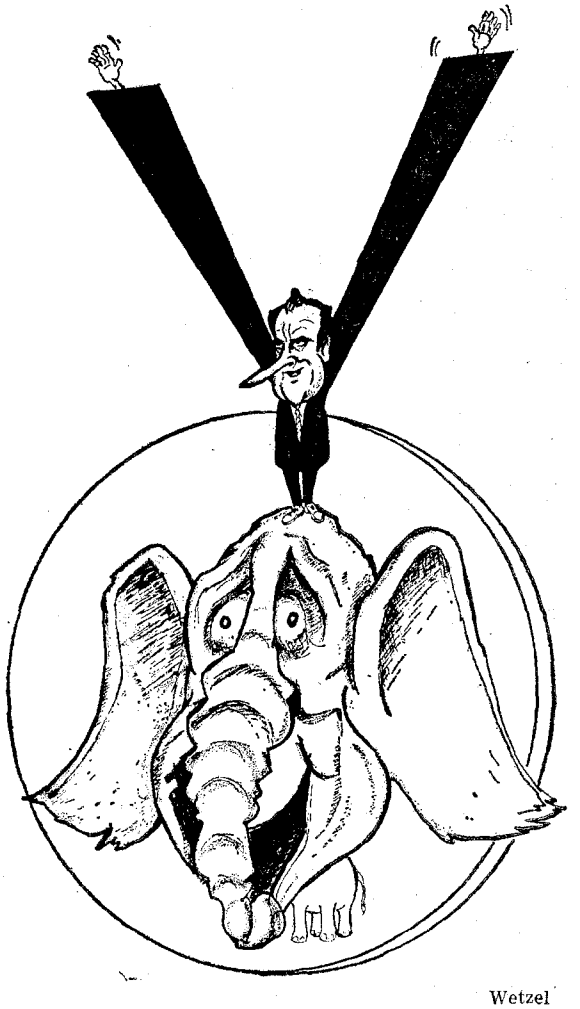
Democrats here think the war is nearing an end. They were resigned to Nixon's election before he was elected, but the next day they wondered: can he reconcile the races? One highly placed Democrat said, "The tragedy of this election is that the blacks, the people who had the biggest stake in a Humphrey victory, lost." They have seen the rich win again.

An aide to Alan Cranston said: "Maybe TV is the most revolutionary factor in politics now. TV is forcing a confrontation between hostile groups. Whites can no longer escape merely by moving to the suburbs. That black man on the screen is talking to you, man. The war is going on right in your living room."

One Republican said Nixon will be the last of the old-style politicians to be elected President. "The people are bored with the politics of evasion. Students on the campus are in deadly earnest. They are going to demand something better."

SYLVAN MEYER **Gainesville, Ga.**
Mr. Meyer is editor of The Daily Times, *Gainesville, Ga.*

Richard Nixon played the South more cannily than either his supporters or opponents elsewhere figured he would—what with that Greek feller and refusing to debate and all. Since Mr. Nixon and staff can analyze election returns as well as the next politician, they must have relaxed when key border states—Kentucky, Virginia, Tennessee, Florida and North Carolina—failed to go for George Wallace. It mattered not to Mr. Nixon whether Wallace or Hubert Humphrey carried these states; if he didn't get them, he could not swing a majority of electoral votes. With them,



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he could afford to lose two out of three of the races in Texas, Illinois and California, and still struggle over the 270 mark.

Indeed, Tennessee and the Carolinas were bonuses for him. Florida and Virginia, if they had fallen, would have represented the intolerable degree of Wallace invasion into Nixon territory.

Wallace made his big splash where he always splashes big, in the Deep South: Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia. The ripples diminished as they moved outward, but it would be a mistake to assume that what Wallace represented to the voter was similarly confined. Lumping together the Wallace and Nixon vote gives a better definition of voter attitudes, and outside of Texas, which Humphrey carried narrowly, the combination in the South runs from 2 to 1 up to 4 to 1 against Humphrey, the Johnson Administration, the unrelenting pressure for social change, the fumbling around in Vietnam, and softness on the *Pueblo* incident.

The decisive issues were the national ones; local Democrats generally won. LeRoy Collins' defeat in Florida and the failure of two liberal Georgia Congressmen, Charles Weltner and James Mackay, to unseat GOP opponents, were among the exceptions, but in these instances the losers suffered from identification with liberal causes, with "all them programs." Wallace is considered a sort of Democrat, anyway, in the Deep South. In the border areas, Nixon attracted support from him because voters "didn't want to throw their vote away," but still wanted to protest.

Mr. Nixon's campaign sustained for him a favorable mixture of anti-Humphrey ballots, but his administration can hardly escape the same activities that got the Democrats into trouble down South. The whole area knows there is no going backward, but it is eager for a recess. It objects to overcompensatory federal treatment of Negroes. Although it is the major beneficiary of federal largess through such new programs as economic development, Appalachia, educational-facilities grants and the rest, the South is weary of these complex, fearsomely bureaucratic ventures, fraught with civil rights pledges, bribe money and tedious regulations. It wants to say, "Just send the money, friend, and leave us be."

Mr. Nixon promised that school aid will not be tied to Health, Education and Welfare guidelines, but he must confront the national social revolution with just about the same tactics as the Democrats used. Did not Eisenhower send troops to Little Rock? Nixon may alter the methods, but any adminstration ignores poverty, ghettos and stagnant economic areas at its peril. By avoiding debate, Mr. Nixon avoided affronting the South on these sensitive issues, but they remain and will grow.

What Ralph McGill calls "lawn order" mightily affected the vote. The street disorders have been elsewhere but they scare Southerners. Much of the progress toward racial readjustments in the South has come because people here preferred to yield rather than suffer chaos in their communities. With the potential for violence in the South, which every Southerner senses in his viscera, the yearning for order is strong enough to outweigh other impulses, even those for the regional ideology. The more a Nixon administration tries to ease the leverage for genuine integration, the more it risks activist aggression in the streets. There is no way it can satisfy the South. In the Congress, Mr. Nixon may be able to patch together a shadow of the old Republican-conservative Southerner coalition. He faces immediate abrasions, however. Sen. Richard Russell of Georgia will be chairman of Appropriations, and President pro tem of the Senate. The House may have a new Speaker and a new Majority Leader, and Southerners are likely prospects for both posts. Party solidarity will become more critical to their purposes than a scotch-taped alliance with a President who, when you get right down to it, doesn't owe them a thing. Indeed, Southern Congressmen may win more points through tough-minded opposition than through acquiescence with the administration.

And Mr. Wallace will be around for a while, well-financed, eager to harangue, and to point to his 9 million votes. Perhaps he is not destined for national office; nevertheless, he is the central national rallying point for the radical Right, he is the irascible challenger of the Establishment. He will continue to draw funds and support, and to be a giant nuisance to a President hungry for unity, but with no currency to buy any. Of course, a lot of subtle issues were at play in the election. And of course the South had come a long way only to confront Mr. Humphrey at a bad time for him, on the heels of that disastrous and insulting convention. Still and all, Mr. Nixon may secretly wish, before the next four years are over, that Virginia and Florida had gone the other way.

JOHN T. DEMPSEY **Dearborn, Mich.**

Mr. Dempsey is professor of political science at the University of Michigan (Dearborn), and co-chairman of the state Civil Rights Commission.

The big story in the Michigan election was the strong resurgence of the Democratic Party within the state. Democrats swept all state-wide offices which were at stake, recaptured control of the state House of Representatives, fought off the challenge of George Wallace, and gave the lie to the oft-repeated charges that they are a "divided and demoralized" party. All signs indicate that the Republican Party is in trouble, and that its trouble will increase.

Michigan was never thought to be Nixon country; four years ago Johnson swept the state by more than a million votes; eight years ago Kennedy took it by about 65,000 over Nixon. At Miami, most of Michigan's Republican delegates stayed with George Romney as their favorite son, although the majority would have supported Nelson Rockefeller if Romney had released them. State Republicans realized that Nixon would not carry the state, but few anticipated just how depressing an effect his name would have on the slate as a whole. Put simply, Nixon was a minor disaster for the Michigan GOP. Democrats now control the state supreme court and one house of the legislature, and are in a strong position for the gubernatorial and Senatorial elections of 1970.

George Romney worked hard for the Nixon ticket. In past elections, when the Governor was himself running

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Jones, Toronto Telegram (Canada)

for office, he has had modest success in carrying other Republicans into office with him. His efforts in 1968 were of no avail. It is generally felt here that Romney has fought his last campaign. The odds are that he will be offered a place in the Nixon administration, and that he will accept. This will remove the best vote getter that Republicans in Michigan have had for many years. Romney's successor, if he does leave, will be the present Lt. Gov. William Milliken, from Traverse City. Milliken is young (45) and attractive, but his vote-getting capacity is untested. He is in the liberal Republican wing, and was Rockefeller's Michigan campaign chairman last summer.

The Wallace vote in Michigan fell short of expectations. His people had hoped for 20 per cent, had expected 15; the actual vote was about 10 per cent. Even in Dearborn, proclaimed by its flamboyant, segregationist Mayor Orville Hubbard to be "Wallace Country," only about one voter in ten went for Wallace. A quarter of the Wallace vote came from Wayne County (Detroit and suburbs), the rest was widely scattered throughout the state. It would seem that Wallace drew more heavily from Nixon than from Humphrey, but not enough to affect the outcome. The black voters of Michigan, some 300,000, supported Humphrey overwhelmingly (about 90 per cent). Eldridge Cleaver pulled only about 4,000 votes.

A few weeks ago it had been expected that Wallace would attract a significant union vote. One local in Flint went even so far as to endorse the Alabama Governor. But then organized labor turned on the heat. For the past month the union leadership has used every conceivable means to combat the appeal of the gentleman from Dixie. Evidently the effort was successful, and in the process labor proved that its effectiveness in elections is still strong. Much of the credit for the Democratic victory must go to the unions. The result can only be to increase labor's influence in the Democratic Party of Michigan—and in the past twenty years it has been the strongest single force within that party.

The divided control of Michigan government can be expected to produce some donnybrooks in the two years ahead. The executive office is firmly in Republican hands, Democrats have a four vote margin in the House, while Republicans control the Senate narrowly (20 to 18). Both parties will be jockeying for position while getting ready for 1970, which in Michigan will be more important than the elections just held. The state will be choosing a governor for a four-year term, a United States Senator (Philip Hart, the two-term incumbent, is expected to run), nineteen Congressmen, both houses of the state legislature, and many other state-wide officials. Michigan's Democratic Party demonstrated this year that it could bounce back strongly from the bitter defeat of two years ago, when it lost a U.S. Senate seat and five Congressional seats. The question now is whether the Republicans can similarly recover. The answer will probably depend on William Milliken, who seems to be looking forward to the challenge.

GENE I. MAEROFF **Cleveland**
Mr. Maeroff is an editorial writer on the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He spoke with an unfamiliar drawl, and his traveling entourage featured country music cacophonous to Northern ears, self-proclaimed rednecks and a bulletproof lectern, over which he would peer with those beady eyes fixed on us and condemn newspaper editors and bearded intellectuals. Not the stuff of which successful campaigns are built in the big states of the industrial Midwest—Ohio, Michigan and Illinois. But it was Campaign '68, George Wallace style, and it sent Richard Nixon to the White House.

The votes that would have made the difference for Hubert Humphrey in Ohio and Illinois ended up in the Wallace column, giving Nixon the 53 electoral votes of the two big states. A heavy portion of the Wallace vote was cast by labor—the Steelworkers, Printers, Plasterers, Rubber workers, Department Store workers and others who traditionally have been counted on by the Midwest Democrats. But this was the year of law and order, and Wallace told them what they wanted to hear.

Of the three states, only Michigan with its 21 electoral votes went to Humphrey. He owes that to Walter Reuther and his United Auto Workers. When it became clear during the campaign that defections were mounting and that the Democrats were in danger, the UAW swung into action, recapturing many of the blue-collar workers who were flirting with Wallace.

But in Ohio there was no Walter Reuther to twist the arms of the 1,148,000 unionists. In Ohio, with its huge Chevrolet, Goodyear, Republican Steel and Procter & Gamble plants, Wallace ran stronger than in either Michi-

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gan or Illinois. Buttressed by labor support, he grabbed almost 12 per cent of Ohio's Presidential vote. In Cleveland alone, the Alabamian won more than 70,000 votes, while Nixon captured the state by fewer than 100,000.

This is not to say that all of those traditionally Democratic votes would necessarily have gone to Humphrey this year if they had not been seduced by Wallace. But the point is that they were votes that the Democrats had garnered in the past, and party leaders knew they had to hold them to gain victory. George Wallace's presence in the race determined otherwise.

Even Mayor Richard Daley could not hold Illinois for Humphrey. The sizable margins that Daley had been able to provide for Lyndon Johnson and John Kennedy were not produced, and the downstate vote saved Nixon. Actually the tale of defeat in Illinois began last February when Daley blocked the bid of State Treasurer Adlai Stevenson III for the U.S. Senate nomination to run against Everett Dirksen. Daley's recalcitrance kept off the ticket the powerful Stevenson name that might have provided a fillip to defeat Dirksen, to hold the governor's seat for Samuel Shapiro and to win Illinois for Humphrey, denying Nixon his electoral victory. As it turned out, Daley's hand-picked U.S. Senate candidate, Illinois Attorney General William Clark, turned dovish during the campaign and Daley went cold on him, as he had on Stevenson for the same reason.

The black voters remained faithful to the Democrats of the industrial Midwest—at least the blacks who voted. To begin with, registration was not up to expected levels in Cleveland, Chicago and Detroit, all with tremendous inner-city Negro populations, and in the more heavily Republican outlying parts of each of the states registrations were at all-time highs [See "The Black Vote," *The Nation*, October 21].

The Presidential race did not generate enthusiasm in the ghettos. There was talk in Cleveland's Glenville and in Detroit's 12th Street of a "blackout" at the polls, with Negroes simply not showing up. But finally most of them —though not in numbers as large as Democratic chieftains had hoped—made the scene, and when they balloted they supported Humphrey to a greater degree than any other ethnic group.

Humphrey's final weekend surge in Michigan raised the possibility that the bombing halt may have given him a boost there. At least it became an eleventh-hour issue in a campaign in which the greatest excitement had seemed to center on neither major candidate but on Detroit baseball star Al Kaline, who took to the hustings for Nixon. The Administration was quickly condemned by George Romney for calling the halt. He said it was a "brainwash" —a subject on which he should be an expert by now. Michigan's dovish Democratic Sen. Philip Hart immediately rapped Romney for questioning the President's integrity.

Even the moment of glory that the Democrats enjoyed in Ohio when Charles Vanik unseated U.S. Rep. Frances Bolton, the conservative Republican in the 22nd Congressional District, was tainted. The victory was brought about not so much by enchantment with the Democratic Party as by the voters' reluctance to continue with a Representative of Mrs. Bolton's age, which is 83.

Ohio's 22nd, which includes prestigious Shaker Heights, has a heavy Jewish population, and that also helped push Vanik over the top. He jumped into the race against the fourteen-term Congresswoman when redistricting made his old 21st District 65 per cent Negro. His successor there, Louis Stokes, profiting from the name that his brother Carl had made famous, fashioned a 2-to-1 victory over a nice-guy Republican, also Negro. Stokes, Ohio's first black Congressman, will bring to Washington a keen legal mind and a voice that will be raised whenever necessary in behalf of racial justice.

Ohio's Democratic nominee for the U.S. Senate, John Joyce Gilligan, the one-term former Congressman who had whipped U.S. Sen. Frank Lausche in last spring's primary [see "Ohio: Politics After Johnson," *The Nation,* April 27], was unable to overcome the downstate Republican votes, even with the generous edge furnished him by the voters of Cuyahoga County. He was downed by William Saxbe, Ohio's lackluster Attorney General, who ran with the enthusiastic backing of Gov. James Rhodes.

So although Hubert Humphrey failed to convert the nightmare of Chicago into the realization of an impossible dream, the real story of the election is that deep into the night he was able to dare contemplate the prospect.

OCEAN HILL-BROWNSVILLE

BAD SHOW FOR REPORTERS

KENNETH G. GROSS
Mr. Gross has covered the New York City school strike for the New York Post *since last May. He is the author, with Bernard Lefkowitz, of* The Victims, *to be published next spring by Putnam's.*

It was always the same. Always the cameras and microphones and pencils poised over Ocean Hill-Brownsville to record that the school decentralization struggle remained blind and deaf and still, until a *dashiki* appeared. The implements sprang to life for the Afro-clad militants, but never noticed the fire in the eyes of the man with the clerical collar—until it was too late.

Rev. C. Herbert Oliver spoke softly and with polish, and bearded Sonny Carson made a better picture on the six o'clock news, with his Afro shirt, Afro haircut and defiant bucks in the background. When anyone bothered to listen to the Reverend Oliver, he quietly said again and

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again that the stand for school autonomy would be made here in Brooklyn, at Junior High 271, and that the locally elected governing board, of which he was the president, would never budge from that position. He said it in the spring; he said it in the summer; he said it as the leaves turned in the fall. But he did not say it loud enough or distort his face enough or seem mad enough for anyone to take him seriously.

And so Ocean Hill drifted into a disaster, and all the while we were looking—we ladies and gentlemen of the press—in some other direction than into the flaming eyes of the Reverend Oliver.

The events at Ocean Hill had become theatre, and the stage belonged to those who performed best. Indeed, after press conferences, parties on both sides would discuss the "performance," judging such things as delivery and style, and often not even mentioning content. The leading performers were not always the most serious men; sometimes merely the loudest or most apparent.

In the beginning Ocean Hill appeared to be available to journalism, but as the story grew, as the attention focused with more intensity, we became locked in. Eventually, physically locked in. The police would daily erect long lines of triple barricades against some imagined charge. Within the outer ring, the police built a smaller ring. It was a U-shaped pen, situated across from the entrance of JHS 271, extending halfway into the street. Here, reporters and cameramen were expected to cover the daily confrontation. And so we became physically locked in. Mentally, we had become so long ago. Without undue protest, the reporters accepted the police definitions of their assignment. We were not permitted to wander freely and speak freely; the police had decided how this story was going to be covered. Deputy Police Commissioner Jacques Nevard, a former *New York Times* reporter (dubbed "Jacques Naive" by some police reporters and "Jack-the-Flak" by others) would shrug and be unable to answer when asked who had given the orders to pen up the reporters.

The only effective voice raised against the pen came from a *New York Times* reporter who defied the police to arrest him. But he was black and the cops realized that it was far too chancy to arrest a black reporter under such circumstances. A white reporter, I was assured, would not have lasted a minute.

The coverage at Ocean Hill thus became infused with racism. It was not a one-way street. Many things crept into the coverage. Television reporters whose children were inactivated by the teachers' strike would ask coercive questions. "The trouble with this story," one TV reporter finally came to understand, "is that we cover it by sticking a microphone in someone's face and asking him, 'What's new?' This is exactly the wrong kind of story for that. People do not tell the truth. They tell what will suit them."

Television was almost impossible. The program editors in Manhattan cling to the bromide that if you see something, it must be true. However, when the cameras remain still until a militant appears, and when the news program shows only the militant, that alters the truth. The truth was much quieter. The children were far more polite—until the cameras were turned on them and they recognized the unspoken signal to perform. They knew what was expected of them.

What also happened was that we were trifled with. The clan of news photographers—who form the most right-wing element in journalism—would form small knots inside the barricades, sipping at their steamy coffee containers, exchanging flashes of anger with blacks who sensed that it was their blood the photographers had come to film. We would remain in the press pen, sometimes moving through the cordon of plain-clothes men, to use a telephone or grab a spokesman in the charade of coverage, but there was very little contact with the neighborhood. It was possible to listen to the foxhole chatter of the combatants at the barricades, but most of the white reporters were afraid to roam widely, and the black reporters were contemptuous of that fear. If you were white, the plain-clothes cops would be too friendly within earshot of someone eavesdropping for you to betray something. If you were white and walked with a black reporter, it was always the uniformed cop on the corner who asked you for information—as if he didn't trust what the black guy would say.

We all had our humiliations. Black reporters, even the most famous of black reporters, were made every time to show their credentials at the barricades. And the white reporters got their bruises at the office of the local governing board. Most of the black staff would snub a white reporter in reprisal for all the snubs black people resent. The resentment could rise to stupidity. I recall once needing a document and a friend on the staff asked one of the girls to make a few copies. The girl kept running off dozens of copies until the black staff member returned and said that that was enough.

The plain-clothes men presented a problem. They were salted in with every group of reporters and soon we had all lost our ability to go unchallenged. The cops were on one side and since they stood with us, it was superficially concluded, we must be on that side, too. There were too many reinforcing factors for anyone to suppose otherwise. Reporters stood behind the police lines during any confrontation. Reporters chatted with cops. It was inviting abuse to try talking to anyone else, most reporters came to believe, and they quit trying.

Reporters who managed to establish a rapport with the governing board or the community also faced a test. They were not able to perform as journalists, but were expected to become agents. It was natural. The United Federation of Teachers behaved in exactly the same way, but the intimidation at Ocean Hill was thought to be greater. A group of white reporters were sitting in the office of the unit administrator, Rhody McCoy, when a group of black toughs appeared. They studied everyone's press card and jotted down our names and affiliations. "We're going to be watching what you write," one of the kids said. "You better not come back here if we don't like it."

The truth is that the kids were playing with us, but so many of the white reporters took them seriously that it had

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an impact on the reporting. Thus when a white TV reporter got flattened by one man, the long history of playful threats took on a much more menacing aspect, although the two events were probably unrelated.

"Tell Paul Parker that his days are getting short," one huge black man shouted to me one day in a parking lot. The story got back to Paul Parker, a radio reporter, and was circulated widely. I knew that the guy who made the threat did not mean anything serious by it, but in the retelling, it became sinister.

It was possible to distort such things. I recall being at a meeting of school supervisors, who were supporting the third teachers' strike. I was manhandled by a school principal, who was complaining that I was "insensitive to the question of violence" in the schools. The attack on me was not reported, it being felt that such comment would unfairly characterize the meeting. True enough. But no such sympathy was shown to Ocean Hill people.

A black C.B.S. reporter complained in a lengthy memo that Ocean Hill was becoming impossible to cover since his technicians were refused access to a particular night meeting. He had also been threatened. There arose a great issue in that newsroom. "What's going on out there?" demanded the news director.

Another reporter, white, explained that he had never had any trouble covering the story. Technique, he said, was important. Reporters covering this affair had to suppress their natural overblown arrogance. A tactical withdrawal was often smarter than a face-off. Once, a radio reporter thrust a microphone in Rhody McCoy's face. One of McCoy's supporters told the radio guy to remove the microphone or he would get hurt. "You want me to call a cop?" the radio man asked. Such belligerence, which recurred, did not help dispel the notion that we were aligned with the police. The people in Brownsville did not have time to distinguish between friends and enemies. We were white and therefore had to prove ourselves.

I witnessed a morning of classes at one school, coming away with an upbeat feeling about the teaching. As I stood talking with the principal, I noticed a roach crawling up his shoe. It would have been a good dramatic touch to add to the story, yet I considered the effect of the detail on my own future in Ocean Hill.

One black reporter became furious over a story that reflected badly on the schools. It was not a question of the truth of the statement, simply the reporting of it. Professional discipline, which many of us felt certain that we possessed, began to crumble. One writer, married to a teacher, said he returned home every night to answer for every syllable he wrote. Later, his wife's friends would call, going over every aspect of the coverage. Still, he felt, his impartiality had not been compromised.

The citing of facts became a torture. Albert Shanker, United Federation of Teachers president, referred in a speech to the new teachers in Ocean Hill, "many of whom are out there simply for draft deferments." When the teachers were told by the reporters that this was tantamount to calling the new teachers draft dodgers, they were incredulous.

"But that's not the way I get it at all," one teacher told a reporter. "But he said it in that context, using a loaded phrase, while he is backed by many, many teachers who receive draft deferments, is that not true?" they were asked. They had never thought of it that way.

We were in Madison Square Garden, surrounded by 4,500 teachers, at a union delegate meeting. They were chanting, "Murray Kempton, tell the truth." A group of about twenty-five teachers stood arguing, cursing or glaring at the *New York Post* columnist. The speech by Shanker began.

"Write it down, Murray," the teachers chanted.

The union people could not understand that anyone might be neutral. They screamed for "due process," they shrieked that teachers should be free to do their jobs without fear of intimidation, and a few tried to intimidate reporters into telling it their way. They could not believe that reporters were unable to see how clear it was, and the frustration drove them to near violence—something very much like the violence of frustration out there in Ocean Hill.

It was neater to cover the UFT. The teachers might say something nasty, but there was a fundamental sympathy between the press and the UFT. It was not a sympathy of ideology or position. It was something I detected when a white teacher confided that she really never expected anything better from "them," and I was supposed to understand who "them" was. Some felt betrayed by what was written, but all "knew" that sooner or later the press would return to the fold.

I was later forced to conclude that many teachers objected to a Jewish, white reporter being on some side other than their own. There were obvious anti-Semitic overtones to many of the statements made in Ocean Hill and that, they believed, should have driven a Jew into their corner. However, it was not the anti-Semitism (it was present, although not nearly so virulent as some might suggest) but the white racism that struck me during the months when I spent every day in Ocean Hill. An almost detectable smile of satisfaction spread on the faces of the police who observed the birth of an ally. Each day the police grew chummier and chummier with the teachers, who now "know what we're up against." And yet it's not something that one could document—except with the hate sheets that circulated on both sides.

In apartment 1-B of the cooperative apartment, puffing quietly on his pipe, Rhody McCoy remained intact behind his hooded eyes. Late in the afternoons, when all the other reporters had gone home, he would come out of his inner office, his tie pulled down, his glasses perched on his forehead, and seeing me sitting in that soft old leather couch he would just laugh and I would laugh back. Perhaps we both knew how ridiculous it all was, or perhaps it was just weariness, or finding that we were both still on the case.

The black reporters would absorb the taunts of the militants. "Tom," they were called. Finally, one day it was too much and one reporter exploded back. "I can't take the crap from the cops and from you," he said through clenched teeth.

I remember feeling that same kind of pressure when a

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white New York University professor told me I couldn't go into a "liberated" building during the recent fuss over John Hatchett. I wanted to take out all the frustrations on that poor, safe target because I couldn't go after the cops and all the others who took liberties with me in Ocean Hill. In all honesty, one cannot absorb so much abuse and so much personal thrust without some response.

The job of the journalist is to make allowance for the response, to be disciplined enough to step back from it and not use inaccurate verbs. The job at Ocean Hill was almost impossible from every standpoint. The actors would not say what was new, even if they knew. They would say what was beneficial to their side, or what they thought the reporter wanted to hear, in order to get column space or air time. But almost never would anyone say what was new. Not the UFT. Not the governing board. Not the teachers. Not the cops.

And the coverage was technically difficult. One could not devote the space to the nuances. Some could not detect the nuance. The guys who came in on a hit-and-run basis seldom had time to feel the mood shifts. The crisis coverage led to staring headlines and little else. Large shifts were seen and reported, but the minor movement of the iceberg went unreported. Sometimes that was the most important part.

In the name of being objective, reporters had to hide from the apparent truths of the hate sheets on both sides. In order to appear unbiased, the obvious biases went unreported. Whispered hate is not always reportable. An editor might reasonably ask if repeating something so hateful could escalate the argument and stir dormant passions. When does that become censorship?

I began to get an inkling of how poorly we were performing when I spoke to some of my colleagues in Manhattan. Most had gotten the impression that Ocean Hill was a wasteland, filled with angry warriors waiting for the signal to attack. Most believed that the schools were populated by angry children, defiant and ready to slit the throat of the nearest white man. Somehow, despite the repetition of the fact that 80 per cent of the new teachers were white, most civilians and reporters not on the story came to believe that the only people hired were black.

And yet I explained that most of the kids appeared well-mannered and well-dressed. There were, if anything, fewer hippies than one might expect in Queens. It seemed, on the days when the massive press presence was not there, tranquil. One of the controversial white teachers, accused of being a racist, who had the best television manner of them all, did slip when the cameras were not there and shout rudely at one black boy. But there was no one on hand to record it except a single pencil reporter.

Israel: The Stagnation of War

C. W. GONICK

Mr. Gonick is editor of Canadian Dimension *and assistant professor of economics at the University of Manitoba, Winnipeg. He was in Israel this past summer.*

A year and a half after a brilliant military victory, Israel remains a land obsessed by physical survival. Its citizens are supremely confident of their own military prowess and utterly contemptuous of the military and general capabilities of their Arab neighbors. Yet they are nervous. Border skirmishes and border casualties are a daily affair; the possibilities of heavily damaging sabotage are only too well known (in urban centers, all persons entering public buildings are routinely inspected). Israel occupies vast new territories of land where dwell 1.25 million hostile Arabs —and there is no consensus as to what to do with that land or its inhabitants. Indeed the disposition of the occupied territories defines the content of much of Israel's politics today.

The one other public issue of consequence is the future political leadership of the country. Israel's parties, like most of its other public institutions, are still controlled by first-generation East European Jews, now in their 70s. At issue is not simply the age of these leaders but their system of political patronage that penetrates all aspects of public life. Since its inception, and indeed for years before, public life in Israel has been dominated by a small clique of old-time Russian-born social democrats. Their rule has always been based on control over the three institutions that are central to the Israeli power structure: the major political party, MAPAI (Israel Workers' Party), the giant trade union organization, the Histadrut, and the ubiquitous Jewish Agency, originally set up by the British in the mandate period to represent Jewish interests in Palestine. (Israel does not yet have an important business community; the mix of early Socialist idealism and an uneconomic and unattractive commercial environment has never nurtured a national bourgeoisie.) This ruling clique has used its power unashamedly to distribute political, civil service and Histadrut posts to political allies—and, it is widely rumored, to raise campaign funds from Histadrut enterprises and welfare services. For years they have manipulated these organizations to eliminate young, ambitious and talented rivals.

Such obvious abuse of power has not only sabotaged efficiency in the public services and Histadrut enterprises; it has created a widespread cynicism toward politics in general. Unfortunately, the politics of patronage and incompetence is now linked in the public mind with the politics of socialism. The universal desire to smash the old politics is easily manipulated into an attack on ideology in the name of efficiency and modernization.

Israeli politics obviously needs a massive shaking-up. It is monopolized by men who are veterans in the ways of old-fashioned East European politics of patronage,

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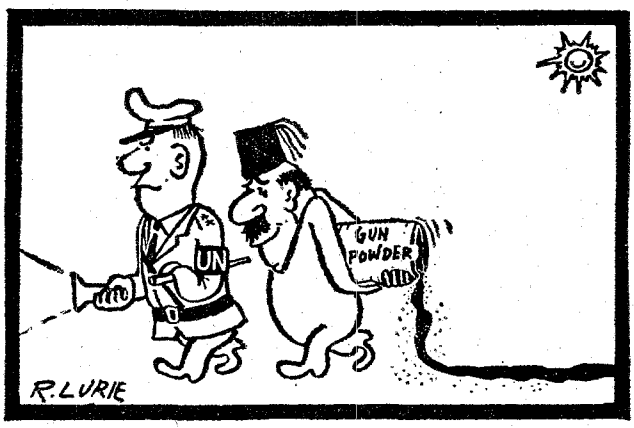
barter and authority, but unattuned to the requirements of an open politics and unacquainted with the techniques required to operate an efficient industrial system. Whether that shake-up will occur in the forthcoming general election is debatable. The central figure in opposition to the old politics is Moshe Dayan. Unfortunately, he also represents the technocratic, anti-ideological, chauvinistic and right-wing tendencies in Israeli politics. The Establishment is sponsoring another Sabra (native-born Israeli) general, Ygal Allon, who, like Dayan, is widely respected. He is a man of the Left but he also has a reputation for being highly chauvinistic, and whether he could ever divest himself of the party machine is a moot point. They will probably oppose each other in the race to succeed Levi Eshkol as leader of MAPAI. It is increasingly shaping up as a choice of the lesser evil.

The Left in Israel is desperate. Historically centered in MAPAM (United Workers' Party), it also has grown old with its leaders. But again, the disintegration of MAPAM is not simply a matter of age; its hard-line Marxist leaders have for so long identified this party with the Soviet Union that no amount of backtracking can now alter its image. The youth in the party, in particular, having seen Soviet officers commanding Egyptian and Syrian forces in the Six Day War (it is widely believed in Israel that some of these Soviet officers were taken prisoner, but quickly and quietly released), are completely disenchanted with the leadership. Cut off from its own youth and, since the Six Day War, from the "International Left," MAPAM is isolated both from within and without. Its traditionally dovish position on the Arab question has become an even greater political liability.

It has been evident for some time that the pre-eminent position of national security in Israeli politics has worked against a Left-Right cleavage and systematically screens out all substantive issues. A permanent state of national emergency necessarily favors the government in power and neutralizes the opposition; strengthens the hawks and weakens the doves. MAPAM has all but admitted that it is a spent political force by applying for a position in the MAPAI alliance in the forthcoming general election. Whether it is accepted or not, MAPAM will probably lose a significant number of members, and an Israeli New Left, already visible, will have to take shape.

Every society has its own peculiar mixture of social institutions—publicly and privately owned; market-controlled and state-administered; planned and unplanned; democratic and autocratic; centralized and decentralized. There is no simple formula which makes one combination "socialism" and another "capitalism." More important than formal institutional structures, moreover, is actual human relations and motivations. And what may be more indicative than the existing situation is the direction of change.

Two factors combined to give a Socialist basis to the founding of Israel. One was the humanitarian Socialist zeal of the original East European immigrants who had come to Palestine to build "the good society." The other was the reluctance of capitalists abroad to invest their profits in a backward, resource-poor country. Communal rather than private initiative was supported, then, both by sentiment and necessity. Even today the state owns 90 per cent of the land, all sources of energy and most of the natural resources. The Histadrut, to which 70 per cent of the labor force belongs, owns one-quarter of all industry, most of the public transport and the major construction enterprises; it operates an admirable medical mutual insurance system for its members and their families. The style of Israel's army is also indicative; it is as close to a



Yedioth Ahronoth (Israel)

Border Inspection

true people's army as exists anywhere. There are almost no visible or material distinctions between officers and regulars. There are no army careers: officers must resign after a relatively short period.

And Israel alone, of all the so-called "Socialist" countries, possesses real Communist communities, where the classic principle "from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs" is fully operative. More than 100,000 Israelis live in kibbutzim. The kibbutz is the only large-scale example of direct democracy (participatory democracy) the modern world has known. Kibbutzim contain only 5 per cent of the population, but they produce 35 per cent of Israel's agricultural output and 10 per cent of its industrial output. Moreover, their importance in politics, in the army and other public agencies is vastly disproportionate to their number. Kibbutzim are increasingly expanding into industrial lines and are beginning to consider new possibilities such as the establishment of urban communes and a kibbutz university.

While steeped in Socialist traditions and institutions, however, Israel is a highly commercialized society, and this seems to be the stronger tendency today: nobody in the Histadrut hierarchy is even considering experiments in worker control; the government and Histadrut have resigned themselves to the sectors they now control; new industries such as electronics and chemicals are left to private enterprises, and since the Six Day War there has been a major effort to attract foreign business capital. The MAPAI-led government may be fairly described as a bourgeois government seeking to develop a bourgeois class.

Israel's income distribution, once the most equal in the world, is now not much different from that in North America. High school education is still not universally available; in fact, tuition fees are steep. No government

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spokesman defends this regressive system, but the plea of financial stringency is becoming less and less convincing. University fees are high and this is one institution that very much belongs to the privileged few. Scholarships are available to students in both high schools and universities but they are limited. Universal accessibility to lower education no doubt upgrades the living standards of Arabs and Oriental Jews, but there is little evidence to show that Israel has used its educational system to the full as an agency for social and economic equality.

The Oriental Jews who came to Israel in the 1950s and now account for the largest proportion of the country's population certainly form an underclass of impoverished people, unemployed or more typically underemployed, unskilled and illiterate. Measures to integrate them into the stream of Israeli life exist and have been successful to a point. In any case, skipping over 500 years of history in little more than a decade would have been impossible, whatever the extent of government effect. Nevertheless, the government has been justly criticized for not giving greater priority to the problems of Oriental Jews, for not having discriminated sufficiently in their favor. The same kind of criticisms have been leveled at government policy toward the indigenous Arab population. The curfews and controls intermittently thrown up against the Arab communities and widespread charges of discrimination against them are evidence that Arab Israelis have hardly been accepted as full citizens.

Though market forces are still blunted by an elaborate welfare system and a maze of subsidies and acts of various kinds, there has never been any comprehensive planning in Israel. Even conventional Keynesian policies are discarded during election years, lest they interfere with the vast giveaway programs that are a standard electioneering practice. The group of economists who advise the cabinet and man the senior civil service posts have been persistently attempting to steer Israel toward a more laissez-faire approach: to free the market mechanism by eliminating government and Histadrut regulations, and to follow standard Keynesian fiscal measures. That they have been only partly successful is evident enough, but their monopoly of access to government decision makers assures them of ultimate success. It is interesting that this clique of economist-technocrats has been trained by Don Patinkin, graduate of the notoriously conservative "Chicago School." (Patinkin is head of the Economics Department of the Hebrew University.)

Anti-Israel ideologues have argued that Israel's growing capitalistic tendencies result from its dependence on the West, from American tourism, gifts by American Jews and loans by the American Government. But stating this thesis does not prove it and it can be countered by certain facts: U.S. Government loans have not been an important source of capital; American share in Israeli trade has not grown (36 per cent of imports, 17 per cent of exports), while trade with the Afro-Asian countries has risen considerably (18 per cent of exports and 7 per cent of imports). And nobody has yet produced evidence that the American Jewish community has tried to swing Israel over to U.S. positions in world affairs. Socialism has stagnated in Israel because politics have been distorted and sidetracked by the Arab-Israeli wars. National emergency requires consensus and consensus has weakened the Socialist opposition forces. At the same time, it has reintroduced into Israeli politics the old right-wing terrorist leaders from the days of the independence wars. These forces, banned from active politics for twenty years, have now found a new respectability. American ties and the absence of counter ties with the Soviet Union or the Chinese only reinforce these developments.

It is safe to say that the consensus that supports the government's immediate policies vis-à-vis Arab-Israeli relations is complete. Division occurs only with respect to more distant issues. All political parties and groups except the tiny Arab Communist party, Rakah (there is also a non-Arab Communist party), agree that Israel cannot give up any of the occupied territories until a permanent peace settlement has been secured. "It would only encourage them to think that they can start new wars and, if defeated, succeed in erasing the consequences of defeat." Beyond this point, however, there is no unanimity. On one extreme are the annexationists or "poet-conquerors" as they are called by their opponents. In the most chauvinistic terms they insist that Israel must retain permanent possession of the new areas and thereby return to its "historical boundaries"—the boundaries of the Bible. On the other extreme is a much weaker group, led by liberals and Left-Socialists, that calls on the government to return all the six-day conquered territories—once a permanent peace is established. In the middle ground, where the bulk of public opinion probably lies, is the view that most of the occupied territories can eventually be returned, but that certain strategic areas must be retained for defensive reasons. The so-called Allen plan embodies this notion.

The annexationists are supported by the two largest daily newspapers, the extreme right-wing party (HERUT), the religious parties and several key individuals in the MAPAI alliance, including (although this is not certain) Moshe Dayan. They have formed an organization called Movement for a Greater Israel. Among other projects, this outfit has promoted a few moves to establish civilian settlements deep in the conquered areas. To its credit, the Israeli military command has discouraged these efforts and has returned all such civilian settlers. But the latest reports indicate that a substantial Jewish settlement now exists in Hebron. Composed largely of religious families, they are gradually being housed in newly constructed government facilities. This may well signal an important change in government policy toward the occupied territory and one that cannot be welcomed by those who are hoping for some kind of peace settlement.

Reacting to the growth of the annexationist movement, activists on the other side have been working to build a countermovement: Peace and Security Yes—Annexation No. To date it is largely university-based and spans the entire spectrum of anti-annexationists, including those who favor the retention of strategic strips of conquered lands such as the Golan Heights in Syria.

The government itself has taken no definite position on

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the matter. Eshkol and Eban are the moderates, backed by some elements in the MAPAI as well as the MAPAM; Dayan and Peres are the militants backed by elements in the MAPAI as well as many of the other parties. It is not at all certain which tendency is stronger at the moment. What is certain is that time favors the extreme annexationists. Their strength grows as a peace settlement fails to materialize and as guerrilla activities increase in tempo and intensity.

There is another area of broad consensus, and a more surprising one. Almost everyone praises the excellent record of the military command in the occupied territories. Moshe Dayan is given much of the credit and in this regard is acclaimed even by his most vehement enemies.

Most of the 1.25 million Arabs in the occupied zones are concentrated in old Jerusalem (70,000), the West Bank of Jordan (600,000) and the Gaza Strip (350,000). The Sinai is nearly bare—the one formerly populated area, El Arish, was almost totally deserted—and the Golan Heights lost its 70,000 population when they retreated with the Syrian army. Some 75,000 Arabs are estimated to have left the Gaza and the West Bank since the end of the war; together with the 200,000 to 300,000 that fled the West Bank during the war, they comprise a major source of potential recruits to the Palestinian guerrilla forces. The Israeli army is of the opinion that terrorist organizations have yet to establish a base in the occupied area, that they maintain their centers largely in Jordan and Syria, and from there send their infiltrators and shells across the cease-fire lines.

Dayan's policy in the occupied areas is to treat terrorism swiftly, brutally and relentlessly. He goes so far as to bomb the homes of civilians who are suspected of housing and abetting terrorists. Strikes, demonstrations and political meetings are banned; "troublemakers" are expelled to Jordan. On the other hand, his policy toward civil, social and economic activities is strictly laissez faire. Arabs run their own schools, municipalities and businesses. The idea is to restore social services and economic activity at least to their former levels, and to minimize interference in civilian affairs. A staff of 200 Israeli officials is engaged in civilian activities and a major effort has been made to set up experimental stations, field demonstrations and short courses for Arab farmers. The only other positive activities of the Israelis, aside from removing oil from the Egyptian wells, seem to be reforestation projects and the widening and construction of roads. Urban unemployment has increased a great deal in the Gaza and the West Bank. The idea behind these Israeli-sponsored public works is to absorb the newly unemployed in order to restore the prewar situation.

The authorities have permitted open commerce between the West Bank and Amman. This policy allows West Bank farmers to sell surplus produce which otherwise would find no market. And by retaining links with the Arab world, it gives the West Bank population hope that Israel does not intend to occupy the West Bank forever. For similar reasons, West Bank inhabitants are permitted to visit Jordan and from there, other Arab countries. This is not to suggest that Israel's occupation policy is above criticism. The blowing up of civilian houses is excessive and probably defeats its purpose; earlier in the occupation, attempts were made to control school curricula (in addition to removal of anti-Jewish textbooks); the unilateral annexation of Jerusalem itself kills any chance for serious negotiations; Israel's reluctance to permit the return of refugees only creates a larger reservoir for terrorist organizations. These are anything but trivial matters; they cause needless dislocation and suffering and, in the long run, can work only against Israel's interests.

Any number of solutions are being bandied on what to do with the Palestine Arabs, and there have been both private and government discussions with Palestinian leaders. But the answer, whether it be a plebiscite among the Palestinians (which would probably return them to Jordanian rule); an independent Palestine state (with or without Jordan); or a bi-national federation with Israel, seems very remote.

A much more plausible prognosis is that Israel is in the twentieth year of what may be a hundred years' war. Its presence in the Middle East is not accepted by Palestinian Arabs or by the Arab world. It is as simple as that. A liberal policy in the occupied zone may make the occupation more tolerable—and for that reason is fully justified—but it does not lessen the inbred hostility, fear and resentment that most Arabs feel toward Israel.

This hatred and frustration have not yet been mobilized into a large-scale indigenous guerrilla movement among the Palestinians. And what exists is of a low level of political consciousness, still indulging in an exaggerated verbalism and boastful comparisons with the Vietcong and the Algerian FLN. Arab terrorists still believe that the Jews, like the French in Algeria, can be driven away. Despite the wars of the past twenty years, they have not realized that for the Israelis there is no other homeland; that Israel is a nation and will resist to the end. Moreover, the Arab forces are still beset by petty jealousies and enjoy little broad identification. Captured fighters are said to break down very quickly, denouncing and accusing one another and giving away valuable information.

Nevertheless, terrorism is growing and the guerrilla forces are increasing in strength and sophistication. The more damage they do, the more savage Israeli retaliation will be, and the more difficult to carry on a liberal policy in the occupied area. Should the Arab terrorists be successful in carrying out a mass killing of Israeli civilians (a likely possibility since button bombs and other explosives are commonly placed in schoolyards and hotels where they have only to be picked up to go off), a counter-slaughter will be hard to suppress. In the meantime, the guerrilla activities severely limit the willingness of both Palestinian and Israeli leaders to explore peaceful solutions.

There will be more killing and a great deal more suffering. Moreover, the continued state of war acts as a substitute for social revolution in the Arab countries. And while it stifles their revolution, it also halts social progress in Israel. The only interests served by this conflict are those of the right wing—whatever its guise. By the same token, peace is a prerequisite to progress. If only the Left would understand.

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PORK IN BIG BARRELS

A. Q. MOWBRAY
Mr. Mowbray is the author of The Thumb on the Scale or The Supermarket Shell Game *(J. B. Lippincott). The following is a chapter in his new book* Highways or People, *which will be published by Lippincott next year.*

In 1909, total sales of passenger cars in the United States were just under 125,000. Seven years later, annual sales of passenger cars exceeded 1.5 million—and the demand to build more roads was in full voice. It was in this year, 1916, that President Wilson signed the first Federal Aid Road Act, putting the federal government into the road-building business in a big way. This act provided that half the funds used for road building in the states would be supplied by the federal government, on the understanding that the states would bear the the cost of maintenance once the road was built. The act also stipulated that the federal contribution was not to exceed $10,000 per mile (typical cost of a modern urban expressway is easily a thousand times as much).

Injection of federal money was a marvelous tonic for the road builders. In 1916, the expenditure for construction of state-administered highways was about $50 million. Only four years later, this figure had zoomed to nearly a quarter of a billion dollars. But the real magic formula for building roads was discovered in 1956, and since then, construction has come in at about $5 billion each year. Best of all, the secret hit upon in 1956 guarantees that the money will continue to pour out every year; in fact, the more roads we build, the more money becomes available for building still more.

The magic formula is known as the Highway Trust Fund. It was invented when the nation entered on a highway-building program that has justifiably been called "the greatest public works program in history." The National System of Interstate and Defense Highways will be a 41,000-mile system of superroads, connecting 90 per cent of the nation's cities with populations greater than 50,000. This program, 90 per cent of whose costs are to be paid out of federal funds, is superimposed on the continuing federal-aid highway programs, which have built 1 million miles of roads on a 50-50 state and federal basis.

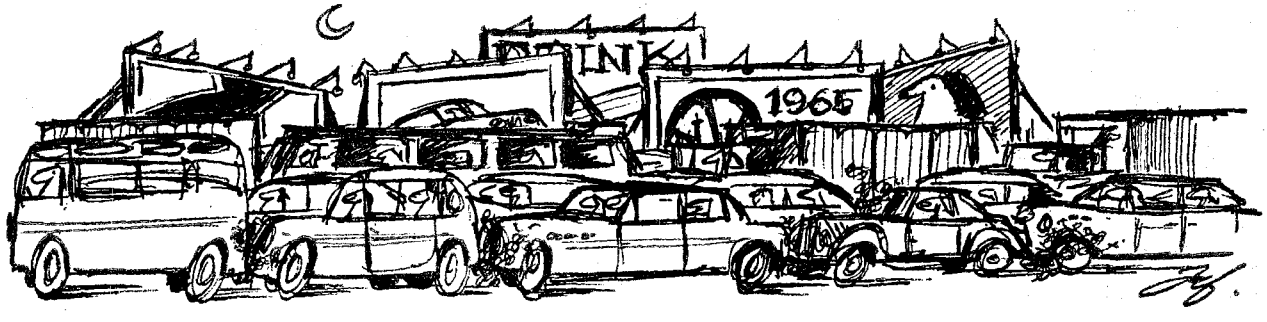
The Bunyanesque new measure, passed by a voice vote in the House and an 89-to-1 roll call in the Senate, projected a total cost for the system of about $40 billion, to be spent over a period of years. (The estimated cost has since increased to $55 billion or $60 billion, and the completion date has crept by stages from the original target of 1972 to 1975 or 1976.) The sum was large, even for legislators accustomed to pork in big barrels, and there was much wrangling as to where the money was to be found. Eventually a scheme was devised that not only assures a steady flow of funds but also renders the flow all but immune from the year-to-year whimsies of a fickle Congress. This is the Highway Trust Fund, into which pours an unceasing stream of tax money from the sale of gasoline and other motorists' necessities such as spare parts and tires. At the outset, 1c of the federal tax on every gallon of gasoline fed the Trust Fund; this has now risen to 4c.

Like all magic structures, this fund simply grows—independent of any new authorization by Congress (and like all magic structures it is not easy to restrain). Each year the Administration doles out the bounty to the states as their highway departments come up with plans that seem reasonable to the Federal Bureau of Public Roads. Thus the road mileage increases, more cars take to them and drive more miles, burning more gallons of gasoline, wearing out more tires, and feeding more money into the Trust Fund. It is the ultimate cornucopia, and calculated to keep smiles on the faces of the highway builders.

In the decade following enactment of the Interstate Highway Act, all went smoothly. Engineers across the land drew lines on maps, and the bulldozers followed, in increasing numbers. While each year Washington budget makers strained to find money for a thousand critical needs, the Highway Trust Fund poured out its gold. "We want more roads," the nation had said, and more roads it was getting. The check had been signed in advance; it remained only to dole out the largess year by year.

But after ten years, a major land war in Asia and the threat of runaway inflation cast the first shadow of doubt over the operation. In the fall of 1966—with war costs mounting, spending levels rocketing above $100 billion, and heavy federal borrowing pressing prices upward—President Johnson looked about for ways to reduce federal spending without curtailing vital programs. His eye fell on the highway program.

Federal grants to the states for highway building had been running along at about $4 billion per year, and high-



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way builders anticipated an allocation of $4.4 billion for fiscal 1967. On the day before Thanksgiving, however, the Administration announced that the states would receive only $3.3 billion. This was not a cut in allocations—no one would take such liberties with the magic Trust—it was merely a "freeze" of money already allocated, a delay in handing it to the states for use.

The announcement had been cagily timed. Election Day was safely past, and the long Thanksgiving weekend might provide a cooling-off period for any Congressional or gubernatorial hotheads. But the President had underestimated the power of the highway lobby. No sooner had the freeze been announced than White House wires began to heat up with messages from the state capitals expressing the displeasure of the various highway departments and governors; letters and telegrams from road contractors rained down upon Congressmen, and they, in turn, rose upon the floor to denounce the President.

"Illegal" and "unwarranted" were some of the terms used to describe the freeze. The chairmen of the Public Works Committees of the House and Senate announced angrily that they would hold joint hearings to investigate the cutback in highway funds. Rep. George H. Fallon, chairman of the House Committee on Public Works, said "the cutback and freeze makes it impossible to maintain an orderly highway construction program. The failure to do so is not only economically shortsighted but puts us in the highly questionable position of acceding to an action that must spell death and injury to the thousands of people who will be involved in accident."

Engineering News Record, the authoritative weekly construction magazine, echoed the life-and-limb argument: "Delayed completion of new highways claims a high price in lives and property lost in traffic accidents, as well as in the economic losses caused by traffic congestion. Individuals and groups concerned with highway construction should do their best to make [their wishes known] to the Administration, and to Congress."

The individuals and groups concerned needed no prodding. Their wishes were flowing to Washington in abundance. Robert S. Holmes, president of the politically potent American Road Builders Association, worked into the night preparing testimony for the joint Congressional hearings. As general manager of highway construction for U.S. Steel Corp., Mr. Holmes was quick to announce that the freeze would eliminate a half-million tons of steel from highway construction.

Massachusetts Gov. John Volpe, himself a one-time road contractor, charged that the President had designs on the frozen highway funds, that he intended to use them for other purposes. This, said Volpe, would be a "misuse of gas tax money" and a "direct violation of the intent of Congress." The full $1.1 billion in frozen funds, he said, should be restored at once.

On February 13, in a move to take some sting out of the rising storm, Secretary of Transportation Alan Boyd announced that the frozen funds would be released just as soon as economic conditions permitted. But Representative Fallon and Sen. Jennings Randolph went busily ahead with plans for their joint hearings. The Building Trades Department of the AFL-CIO adopted a resolution demanding restoration of the frozen funds, warning that a slowdown in construction would seriously jeopardize the industry and cause substantial increases in unemployment.

On February 27, Secretary Boyd was up on Capitol Hill testifying at the joint Public Works hearings. He had brought with him a large concession: the Administration had decided to release $175 million of the frozen $1.1 billion immediately, and promised $225 million more before the end of June, which was the end of the fiscal year. Further, he promised that the Administration would release to the states the full $4.4 billion authorized by Congress for the coming fiscal year, starting July 1. As though unwilling to let his Transportation Secretary get all the credit, Mr. Johnson, back in the White House, made the same announcement, at almost the same moment.

The President said the partial release of funds was prompted by an easing of the inflation threat, but many in Washington saw it as a bending to the will of an irresistible political force. Even so, the builders were unappeased. Senator Randolph said the hearings would continue. Rep. William C. Cramer, ranking Republican on the House Roads subcommittee, demanded that the President release the entire $1.1 billion. "This is nothing more than a token gesture," he said. "The Administration has converted the federal-aid highway program from a stable program, for which advance planning could be undertaken with the assurance of orderly construction, financed by an inviolate trust fund, to an 'iffy' program which goes up and down like a Yo-Yo, depending upon the policies and economic theories of the Administration."

On February 28, President Johnson sent his Budget director, Charles L. Schultz, down to the joint Congressional hearings to capitulate. In his testimony, Mr. Schultz hinted very broadly that substantial sums of money would be restored to the highway program within a few weeks. When Representative Fallon asked how good a bet this was, Mr. Schultz smiled and replied that, although he was not a betting man, he would be willing to put a substantial stake on the probability. This satisfied the Congressmen. Although several days of hearings still were scheduled, they were abruptly ended.

On March 17, Mr. Johnson made good his promise: he released an additional $350 million. Three months later he released the remainder of the $1.1 billion. Said the President, "inflationary pressures have subsided." *Engineering News Record* believed there might be another reason. "Administration officials soon realized they had a tiger by the tail," said the construction weekly. And they loosed their hold on the highway funds "before the aroused beast mauled them severely. . . ." This, the magazine said, should be a lesson to the President and also to his new Secretary of Transportation: "Never underestimate the raw power of the federal-aid highway program. Politically, it contains something of benefit to every member of Congress, something he can show the home folks that he has got for them. Practically, the vested interests with a major stake in the program are strong, vocal and well organized; they pack tremendous clout."

The great highway battle of 1967 ended with a clean victory for the forces of highway construction. By spring

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it was apparent that, even with the very temporary setback occasioned by the President's imprudent shenanigans, 1967 would be the biggest year the road builders had ever had. The states planned to spend more than $5.2 billion, an estimate that would rise to record-breaking proportions when the unfrozen funds swelled the flood. And 1968 promised to be even better; the President had already stated his intention to release $4.4 billion to the states.

For several months, during the summer and early fall of 1967, all was serene on the highway front. The battle had been won and, seemingly, the principle of the untouchableness of the Highway Trust Fund established. But inflation, despite the President's pronouncement, had not subsided; war costs continued to mount; budget deficits continued to widen. In belated response to these pressures, Mr. Johnson finally went to Congress with a request for a 10 per cent tax surcharge. But Congress was adamant; no tax increase until the President cut spending.

The resulting protracted pull and haul between the President and Congress was not one of the more heroic chapters in American political annals. Frustrated in his attempts to get a tax increase, furious at what he felt to be irresponsible yammering from Congress about spending cuts, Johnson countered with a right cross to the body, a blow that the men on Capitol Hill felt below the belt. They wanted spending cuts? All right, he would give them spending cuts. He proceeded to freeze funds for certain low-priority military construction projects and for the time-honored "pork barrel" construction involving rivers and harbors and flood control. Further, he instructed Transportation Secretary Boyd to send a telegram to each of the fifty Governors warning that massive cuts might be necessary in federal aid for highway construction. The telegram asked the Governors to give their estimate of the economic effects on their states of a freeze in highway funds amounting to as much as $2.2 billion, or half the program for the year. The telegram went out on October 9.

The reaction was swift and intense. Within two days, replies were in from sixteen outraged Governors. Typical was that from Gov. Ronald Reagan of California, who fumed that a cutback in highway money would be a "dishonest and grave mistake on the part of the Administration, since under federal law, highways are built with gasoline tax funds placed in trust for highway purposes. They cannot legally be diverted or used as a tool for fiscal gimmicks." This response ignored the fact that Boyd's proposal had been merely to "freeze" the money. When the economic storm had passed, the funds would be there in the Trust Fund, waiting to lay asphalt.

The telegram, said *Engineering News Record*, was "intended to give Congress a taste of what it means to demand that the Administration make sweeping reductions in the federal budget as the price of a tax increase." Most other observers agreed that the move was an attempt to put pressure on Congress rather than a serious effort to cut spending. In Congress, it rankled. "It looks to me," said Rep. Charles S. Gubser (R., Calif.), "as if the President were trying to use these popular programs to put the screws on Congress." Other Congressmen accused the President of trying to "badger" them. Said Rep. William C. Cramer (D., Fla.), Johnson's move was "an obvious sledge-hammer tactic to bludgeon the Congress into passing the tax surcharge . . . instead of reducing unnecessary federal expenditures." Rep. Fletcher Thompson (R., Ga.) accused Mr. Johnson of "trickery," "chicanery" and "blackmail."

Grumbling in the Senate was more discreet. Sen. Jennings Randolph, chairman of the Senate Public Works Committee, said that "nearly every Senator" had complained to him about the proposed highway fund cutback. He noted that, interestingly enough, the complaints about cutbacks in other construction projects had been very light by comparison. "A dam that helps prevent a flood can be vital," he said, "but there's a detachment about that kind of project that you don't get with money for highways or schools. Those things are more personal to people than regular public works."

A few days later, Congress responded. On October 18, the House whooped through a bill, by a vote of 238 to 164, demanding that President Johnson cut nonmilitary spending by a minimum of $5 billion. The bill specifically exempted a number of activities from budget cuts, to wit: Social Security, old-age assistance, veterans' pensions, the

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Post Office, Internal Revenue Department, Medicare, payments on the national debt, all military and related operations and, last but not least, highway construction. Debate on the bill was often raucous, undisciplined, irrelevant, and even downright ludicrous. At the end of it all, the oldest member of the House, 85-year-old Barrett O'Hara (D., Ill.), was heard to say, "For the first time in all the years I've been here, I'm ashamed of this House."

Such was the immunity of highway spending that it ranked with Social Security and payments on the national debt. Some other less essential programs were chopped. A record $1 billion was lopped from foreign aid, poverty funds were slashed by $300 million, model cities by $350 million. The rent supplements program was cut from $40 million to $10 million, which left it just barely breathing. All these cuts the members of Congress seemed to bear with equanimity but, said Rep. George H. Fallon, "any cutback in the federal-aid highway program would amount to breaking faith with the states, and with the motorists who are paying the bill."

One week after the controversial Boyd telegram, the 53rd annual convention of the American Association of State Highway Officials (AASHO) opened in Salt Lake City. One of the politically most potent organizations in the nation, AASHO includes in its membership the top officials from state Highway Departments as well as the top Highway people from the federal government. At the Salt Lake City convention, meeting rooms and lobbies buzzed with the voices of incensed highway engineers speculating on the outcome of the Boyd message. The highway officials adopted a resolution warning that any cutback in federal highway funds would have "great adverse effect upon the program and would not be in the public interest." The AASHO resolution demanded an end to "the atmosphere of uncertainty that has engulfed the federal-aid highway program" and assurance that the program continues "at the maximum level possible."

By now the outcry in the construction industry had reached such proportions that even *Engineering News Record* felt constrained to question the sacrosanct position of highway building in the economy. "In a time of national economic strife, with defense expenditures soaring and the possibility of runaway inflation threatening the economy, should any federal spending program be sacrosanct?" asked the editor. "Should the highway program be spared? Are expenditures for roads more important than those for flood control, urban renewal, airports or conservation? Or, for that matter, for education, public health, the war on poverty, or any one of a host of other programs? . . . Can we really expect to build federal-aid roads at a normal rate when other worth-while programs are being delayed, crippled, even canceled? Are roads *that* important?"

Apparently the readers of *Engineering News Record* thought they were. In a later issue, the magazine published letters from several irate readers. Typical was one from J. Anton Hagios, of the National Good Roads Association: "Your editorial prompts me to say to you, 'Et tu, Brute.' The editorial concludes with the question, 'Are roads *that* important?' Let me state here, categorically, emphatically and unequivocally: *They Are!*" Highways, said Mr. Hagios, represent a "current, continuing and universal need, affecting and benefiting virtually all people, from cradle to grave." And if the worst were to happen, he pointed out, and World War III were to break out, look at the mess we would be in with only a half-finished highway system on our hands.

But the suggestion that road funds might be cut still remained only a threat. At the beginning of January, 1968, three months after the Boyd telegram, the Department of Transportation notified the states that they would receive $1.1 billion for highways for the first quarter, which was exactly one-fourth of the promised $4.4 billion for the year. The Administration had not followed through yet on its threatened cut. And, commented the UPI, "any such move would certainly encounter strong opposition in Congress. Several legislators threatened to introduce bills to prohibit Boyd from trimming the program."

By now the controversy was becoming partisan. In a 13-page report issued January 7, the Republican Coordinating Committee charged that the Administration was using highway funds "as a tool for playing budget politics with the Congress, by repeatedly withholding and threatening to withhold construction funds from the states." The President, said the Republicans, should "stop using interstate highway funds for political purposes."

Finally, two weeks later, the second shoe dropped. Secretary Boyd announced that $600 million in federal highway funds would be held back for 1968, as a "modest but essential move to combat general inflationary tendencies in the economy." This was a far smaller cut than the $2.2 billion he had hinted at in his telegram to the Governors more than three months earlier, but still it was a substantial sum of money.

The outraged response from the states echoed the reaction of the year before. In Pennsylvania, Secretary of Highways Robert G. Bartlett said, "This is a black day for highway construction in Pennsylvania." With the announcement of the cut had come rumors that the Administration had nefarious plans to use the fund money for other purposes. This would be illegal, said Bartlett. "Congress set up inviolate—and I underscore inviolate—rights where monies that go into the Highway Trust Fund must be used only for highways."

Pennsylvania's Governor Raymond Shafer, charging that the cutbacks made a "complete farce" of highway planning, sent telegrams to the entire Congressional delegation of his state, two Senators and twenty-seven Representatives, urging them to "join with me in a direct appeal to the President that the cuts be restored." Further, asked Shafer, each legislator should support the bills which would restrict the President's freedom of action to "manipulate" the Highway Trust Fund.

In the midst of their travail, the highway builders could take comfort from the knowledge that the freeze was, after all, only a temporary measure to take some of the steam out of a dangerously overheated war economy; it was not prompted by an aversion to building highways. The four pennies from the sale of every gallon of gasoline would continue to pile up in the trust fund and, once the economy cooled, it would be there, waiting to buy more bulldozers and pay engineers to draw more lines on maps.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Historians: Simple-Minded and Complex

THE PROGRESSIVE HISTORIANS: Turner, Beard, Parrington. *By Richard Hofstadter. Alfred A. Knopf. 506 pp. $8.95.*

ROBERT SKLAR
Mr. Sklar is the author of F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Last Laocoön *(Oxford). He teaches at the University of Michigan.*

The crisis of the generations affects us in curious ways. It is surely one of the reasons why the distinguished American historian Richard Hofstadter, under attack himself from younger scholars, has reopened his old quarrel with his own intellectual fathers in an immense new book. *The Progressive Historians* is rich and allusive, overtly autobiographical in part, and in even larger measure *histoire à clef*, like a complex sermon by a Puritan divine, who charges every obscure Biblical reference with the passion of contemporary conflict. The Columbia crisis and the New Left, though nowhere mentioned, rise to stalk the reader from the dust of distant university and political struggles. *The Progressive Historians* is at once the most engaging and most dissatisfying of Hofstadter's books.

The heart of *The Progressive Historians* is taken up by lengthy intellectual biographies of Frederick Jackson Turner, Charles A. Beard and V. L. Parrington. These three writers, more than any others, formed the American historical consciousness in the first half of this century, and Hofstadter has re-created the triumphs and dilemmas of their intellectual careers in an impressively humane and perceptive way. It is as if the current difficulties of Hofstadter's generation of historians have revealed the older scholars in a new and more compassionate light. Among the many other sketches of American heroes in Hofstadter's works there are none so understanding, so committed, so intensely readable.

Yet for all their insight and warmth, Hofstadter's detailed portraits of the Progressive historians seem bland and slightly pointless. Turner's *The Significance of the Frontier in American History*, Beard's *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution*, and Parrington's *Main Currents of American Thought* made an enormous impact on the American mind over several decades, and no one will now dispute Hofstadter's basic conclusion that their influence was greater than their intellectual substance, indeed that their viewpoints toward the American past were supported neither by their evidence nor by the rigor of their logic. Hofstadter began to make these criticisms as a young scholar nearly thirty years ago, and the professional journals have sustained themselves on such fare for years.

Once Hofstadter has completed his catalogue of their errors one wants to ask a disturbing question: Why did works so badly flawed, so fundamentally unsound, dominate the historical profession and the American historical consciousness for so many years? The question poses most serious problems for the historical profession to consider. Though Turner, Beard and Parrington were powerful in their own time, their heritage seems useless now, and they left behind no lasting intellectual contributions as did contemporary social thinkers like Thorstein Veblen and Jane Addams. Since their time, history has become less and less central to the major creative insights into present-day society. Perhaps this has come about not from lack of interest in the past but from the way we—both professionals and laymen—think about history.

Hofstadter seems indifferent to questions of this sort. He compares his historical subjects neither to their contemporary European historians nor to their American colleagues in such fields as sociology, psychology and anthropology. Indeed, he saves his interpretative framework for a brief final chapter, "Conflict and Consensus in American History," in which the contemporary message of his book becomes unmistakably clear—he is preaching a gentle jeremiad against the simple-minded history of his Progressive predecessors and of his New Left heirs.

The argument of Hofstadter's final chapter may be summarized like this: The historians of the 1950s, in their reaction against the mistakes of the Progressive historians, obviously carried the theme of consensus in American history too far. Who would still argue that Americans basically agree on their political views and that sweet agreement has dominated our political life—when foreign war and domestic conflict threaten to tear the nation apart? Of course you young historians are right to stress conflict, only recognize what the consensus school achieved—a new sophistication about complexity of motive, interest and behavior. I have written this immense book to show you the dangers of simple-minded history. By all means write about conflict, but do so with a sense of complexity. Thereby may history contribute to holding our endangered republic together.

This is a very fine sermon, but it does not precisely reflect the actual issues of disagreement. The issues are more political than historical, and in ways that Hofstadter does not choose to stress. He does remind us that Turner, Beard and Parrington, despite their emphasis on fundamental conflict in American history, were rather more conservative than their disciples. He suggests that the idea of consensus in the American past is intrinsically neither conservative nor radical. He implores us, most of all, to remember the importance of comity in social life—humanity, civility, community, regard for the rights and values of others. But he leaves unstated the actual political views, implied and expressed, of his own works and the works of other historians identified with the consensus school.

In his earlier books Hofstadter has always had a keener eye for the excesses of radical political movements than he had for the essence of the cause; this same perspective appears here in his implied rebuke to the young radical historians. "I suppose we may expect that the very idea of complexity will itself come under fire once again," he writes in reference to the younger generation, "and that it will become important for a whole generation to argue that most things in life and in history are not complex but really quite simple." How sad, the mindlessness of those who follow after. The young have not yet learned Hofstadter's technique of cloaking his slashing political attacks in the mantle of disinterested intellectual endeavor—wishing, as he has put it, merely to stimulate thought.

The fact of the matter is that young scholars have attacked Hofstadter's view of history not because he is in some way identified with a consensus school of history but because of the overt political views he has expressed in his historical works. Hofstadter has been a leading exponent not of a consensus view of history but of an elitist view of history. His influential historical works have concentrated on finding fault with the motives, style and perspective of political movements for social change and social justice, stressing such factors as anti-

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intellectualism, status-consciousness, and anti-Semitism to the neglect of specific political proposals and concrete social circumstances.

The sources of Hofstadter's historical elitism may lie in his generation's mistaken identification of McCarthyism with the earlier Midwestern Populist-Progressive reform movements, and his own rejection of the Turner-Beard-Parrington glorification of the rural small farmer as democracy's nobleman. In any case, it seems clear that his effort in *The Progressive Historians* to treat Turner, Beard and Parrington more kindly stems neither from a revised view of earlier protest movements nor from a receptive attitude toward present-day radicals. One doesn't know whether to be glad or sad that Hofstadter treats the past more gently, now that he is even more fearful for the present.

Civilized Excursions

ESSAYS OF FIVE DECADES. *By J. B. Priestley. Edited and with a Preface by Susan Cooper. Atlantic-Little, Brown. 311 pp. $8.95.*

ALAN TRACHTENBERG

Mr. Trachtenberg teaches English at Pennsylvania State University and is currently a fellow of the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences.

Musing about "the secret dream" in a selection from a book of musings called *Delight* (1949), J. B. Priestley writes: "All my adult life I have been more or less a Socialist Intellectual. I have tried to make myself—and other people—aware of the harsh economic and industrial realities of our time." A notable feature of Susan Cooper's splendid collection of essays covering five decades is that the reader with no prior knowledge of Priestley will be taken by surprise by this confession of a commitment sufficiently strong to deserve the insignia of capitalization: Socialist Intellectual. Priestley's credentials for the title are authentic enough in a way; from the beginning of his literary career in the 1920s he has been a complete professional, addressing an unusually wide audience in essay, fiction, drama and radio, and dedicated to responsible public performance. His career was nurtured by a sense of the value of "popularity" which has almost disappeared among writers (Mailer's hunger for a public relevance, often settling for publicity in default of more substantial fare, makes a revealing contrast). For an intransigent Yorkshireman in this period, deeply troubled by economic misery, "the deep cancer of injustice," and more recently the threat of nuclear warfare (Priestley was one of the originators of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, CND), socialism, or the Labour Party version, was an inescapable commitment.

But in another sense, Priestley's self-proclaimed title needs considerable correction. If we expect the essays of a Socialist Intellectual to include some abstract thinking about society, let alone about socialism and its varieties, or "position papers" on burning issues, then Priestley will disappoint us. The term "socialism" points to one flank of the world of this remarkably versatile man of letters—the flank which regards rationality, organized politics, machinery, efficiency, cities, as at best necessary evils. After spelling out his acceptance of socialism as a way of rearranging social life on more equitable terms, Priestley continues in *Delight* to say, "But there was never anything here for my own secret delight. Nothing for the hunger of the heart." The inner life, which yearned for "a place with the dignity and style of a city, but reasonably small and clean, with genuine country only half an hour's walk from its centre," protested against the drabness and conformity of increasingly organized modern life, including the beneficent bureaucracies of socialism.

These simultaneous wishes, for social order and for personal anarchy, are the coordinates of Priestley's world, and their interplay might very well lay him down as a sentimentalist (a frequent accusation), or a bit of an old-fashioned grouch. One most definitely feels after a reading of this volume that to distill the ideas from the style—itself always charming and urbane, and a distinct "value" which needs to be addressed on its own—is to expose rather flimsy thinking about the world's problems.

But if Priestley does not recommend himself to us as a thinker, as a theorist, or indeed as a major literary talent with powers of synthesis (like Joyce), or passion (like Lawrence), his own special grounds of appeal are true and genuine enough. They rest almost entirely on the man's style. If his ideology is to be militantly his own man, his manner of writing conveys his message as it were atmospherically. "The whole modern way of life is idiotic," he writes, "because it denounces all forms of enjoyment." In these essays Priestley shows himself precisely as an enjoyer, an appreciator, especially of common life: tobacco, music, good books, dreams, womanly women, fortunetellers, "first snow," the moors, eccentric characters.

He is at his best unembattled, not striking out against modern idiocy but demonstrating its opposite in his civilized (and admittedly tame) pleasure excursions. Priestley so obviously enjoys these pleasant engagements, so obviously enjoys his own words, that his artifice is often irresistible. His best pieces resist the critical faculty. They are inducements to partake, rarely invitations to dialogue. Priestley's best essays are consummate performances, neat little asides that add up to a single prolonged performance, center stage. "I am in the dream business," he writes in an essay against British participation in the Common Market (more business, competition, practicality), "and in this region I am a realist."

The two phrases come together as an apt account of the ambience his style creates. As a realist in the realm of dream and fantasy, Priestley has developed an adroit verbal presence, a way of speaking directly to an audience of "common readers" about the "magic" in common experience. He seems never to doubt the existence of such a readership and his style completes itself satisfactorily only if you place yourself for the moment among an audience of relaxed, receptive, innocently appreciative readers, who enjoy a well-turned phrase but would resent as snobbishness too much elegance of vocabulary and syntax.

Priestley is not exactly an introspective writer, but his essays often turn upon his own inner life, rendered public without sacrifice of either lucidity (one of his highest values) or authenticity. He himself stands at the center of his essays, not a deep man but not superficial either: self-deprecatory occasionally (especially in the more conventionally detached and bemused Edwardian exercises early in his career), but often truculently assertive. "Nobody has asked me yet if I want to go into the Common Market, just as nobody asked me if I wanted to be defended by the Bomb." This is the voice of a man

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jealous of his privacy, skeptical if not downright contemptuous of power, a voice which implies reserves of secret life. It is precisely the articulation of that secret life to a friendly audience which Priestley conceives as the task of his essays.

"I would not describe myself as a born rebel, for I have no fanaticism, but there is in me a streak of the jeering anarchist, who parts company even with his friends when they have succeeded to power." "Jeering anarchist" is a deliberate, even droll, exaggeration, but the sentence, like dozens more in this collection, clarifies the sort of energy at the heart of these essays. Priestley's idea of himself as a kind of entertainer ("the dream business") and gadfly points to a serious motive—to perform a pastoral function, to instigate visions of sheer play and timelessness, to cultivate an inner sense of strangeness and exile from modern life. His pastoral vision is essentially comic and comes through in his lively appreciations of "the English comic characters." Micawber, for example, "does not really live in this world at all: he lives in a world of his own. . . . What does it matter what facts have to be faced if they are first sent to the carnival of the romantic imagination and so always return the strangest and most fascinating company, still moving to music in their tragic and comic masks?" Or Falstaff, "all in the service not of power and glory but of delight," created by "one side of Shakespeare, the inner and hidden side," as a "retort," a "huge protest" to the other, outward side, "the careful and practical man of the Theatre . . . the smiling and prosperous playwright, already with an eye on some sound property and a possible coat-of-arms." Falstaff "is almost an archetype, a symbol of the self raised to its highest power of wit and humour, ease and enjoyment; he belongs to some haunting dream, perhaps as old as drink and firelight, of a gigantic wonderful night out, a hell of a party." Imagine him at the United Nations—"worth all the billions we spend on arms."

Priestley's relations to the modern world might be described as flippant scorn or outright rejection or ambivalence, but it seems more accurate to say that he wishes to preserve a retreat—to keep open an intercourse between dream and fact. One might argue, well and good, but the invoked pastoral often comes to us in the accents of whimsy, of crotchety annoyance with history, and that such pastorals have no serious value in generating alternative options and genuine utopias. Moreover, a besetting danger of opposing dream to fact (the influence of Jung is clear and acknowledged) is that it tempts the writer to a certain posturing, a self-dramatization as a proud crank, a stubborn persistence in woolly headedness. Both arguments have some point and require attention in any final accounting of Priestley's importance. These essays are not the match of Montaigne's but they do hold out for the rights of personality, for liberality and good nature and a sense of magic—values that demand a share in any pastoral we wish to entertain.

Here Is Grove's Plenty

EVERGREEN REVIEW READER. *Edited by Barney Rosset. Grove Press. 790 pp. $20.*

MAX BYRD

Mr. Byrd teaches English at Harvard. He is a former editor of The Harvard Crimson.

Every underground river surfaces sometime. This handsome, heavy (about 10 pounds), expensive, very slick and very glossy *Reader* seems to signal the formal incorporation of *The Evergreen Review* into the national literary scene. Still naughty, still bad-tempered and provoking, the magazine nonetheless now boasts credentials as respectable as a college yearbook or the Time-Life library. It may not actually have sat down yet in the family circle, but room has clearly been made.

The occasion for the anthology is the magazine's tenth anniversary of publication. But it is decidedly out of character for a "little magazine" to be casting a backward eye, and to some this nostalgic gesture may suggest a certain slowing down. To the philosophic its hefty presentability may serve as a reminder that every *avant-garde*, no matter how good, is eventually overtaken.

To anyone at all the anthology is a staggeringly impressive collection of talents, a browser's delight (and, incidentally, the first trade wind of the Christmas season). *The Evergreen Review* has never avowed any special literary policy or manifesto, and even now with his achievement assembled before him, editor Barney Rosset waives a general introduction. The reader steps straight away into a book diverse enough to hold both Jean Genet and Susan Sontag, and marvels at all the fine writers that *Evergreen* has befriended in the last ten years. But it is, after all, the last of the great publishing-house magazines, the unlikely descendant of the old Scrib-

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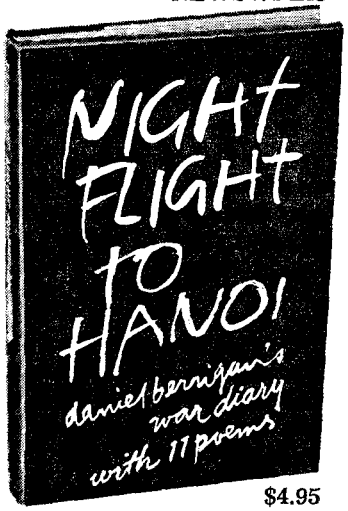

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PASSAGE
(for Kim Merker)

Pigs blister the hillside.
And it is doubtless in the sky's color
to burn incredibly.
Morning may strike us anywhere.

So that passing these woods,
seeing orders nailed to fenceposts,
to ruined trees,
we may feel ourselves made strangers,
willing to stop.

We may feel ourselves
in suit, dress shoes, and hat
getting out of the car,
taking a walk
where we have no business at all.

We may even recall passing earlier
a farm-wife in slacks and a dead sweater
dragging behind her
the body of her dog.

Or the two roans and a grey
grazing an open slough.

Overhead an unseen bomber
unzips the blue bag of the sky.
In offices,
in the kitchens of farmhouses,
the torn edge of the day curls.

And only the scattered remains of calendars
will be believed.

ROBERT DANA

ner's and Lippincott's magazines of the twenties and thirties, and it draws from an extensive stable of young authors. As one skims through names like Pauline Réage, William Burroughs, John Rechy, Chester Himes, in fact, it is tempting to exclaim with Dryden, "Here indeed is Grove's plenty!" For most of the book does consist of excerpts from the now familiar and distinctively mad world of Grove Press, a world of endless fantasies and monologues, a world awash in its own subconscious, a secret world hawked in corner drugstores.

There is, of course, much other forbidden fruit besides Grove's hard core. One finds poetry by Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Kenneth Rexroth, Charles Olson, and even the complete text of *Howl* (with an astonishing photograph of a clean-shaven Ginsberg). Fiction naturally hogs most of the anthology, but interspersed is a surprising range of both genre and geography. Drama is represented by Ionesco, Arrabal, Gregory Corso and Brendan Behan, with critical essays by Harold Pinter and Jan Kott. Memoirs, biography, philosophy, reverie, all find spokesmen of the order of Camus or LeRoi Jones. The great "pataphysical" put-on reappears here, and a few classic reviews of films and jazz. This editorial cosmopolitanism by no means confines itself to European and American writing. *Evergreen* has introduced us to Latin Americans like Octavio Paz and Carlos Fuentes, to Middle Easterners, to numerous Orientals from Li Yü to the President-poet Ho Chi Minh.

Nor in fact has the magazine confined itself to literature. The *Reader* reprints several memorable photo-essays ("Poverty, U.S.A." by George De Vincent, and "Harlem, Summer 1964" by James Mitchell and Don Charles), plus a striking series of drawings by George Grosz and a set of Russian revolutionary posters.

In all this excellence there seems to be only one disappointing omission. One regrets that the book doesn't make space for any of those fascinating letters to the editor—angry, confessional, threatening, doting—from the beleaguered years of the magazine, particularly after the notorious issue Number 32. Ironically, just those kinds of letters now run regularly in the columns of *Evergreen*'s bourgeois copycat, *Playboy*. Indeed, much more that was once the special flavor of *The Evergreen Review* can now be found, homogenized but unmistakable, in *Playboy*. That strain of defensiveness, for example, which led *Evergreen* to publish frequent derisive reports from various obscenity trials, is now voluminously duplicated in the "Playboy Forum." *Playboy* too has a Reader full of celebrated authors, and *Playboy* too has been seized and banned (in Chicago) for its pictures of Jayne Mansfield. No doubt it is a far, far better thing to be seized, as Number 32 was, on account of Emil Cadoo's beautiful photographs. But a bust is a bust. And even "Little Annie Fanny," though wretchedly inferior, bears undeniable family likeness to "Phoebe Zeit-Geist."

It is not unreasonable to say, then, that like a third party in politics, *Evergreen* has seen its cause absorbed and espoused by the shameless middle class. Its literary outcasts and garret geniuses, nurtured apart for so long, are famous now, fixtures in *Esquire* or *The New York Review*. The magazine set out ten years ago to outrage and educate us by casting light in the dark places of contemporary literature. Paradoxically, it may have done its work too well. For with a decade of writers now firmly anthologized and canonized, can the editors discover such another generation? And what could be stranger than a permanently established provocateur?

To me, at least, recent issues of the magazine suggest a falling off, if not an absolute decline. Its former wild, exciting sexuality now often sticks at the level of washroom humor, something abundantly available elsewhere. Where once *Evergreen*'s writers were cultural subversives in the best sense, like Henry Miller, lately they incline simply toward political shrillness: and on that front they can match neither the tastelessness of *The Realist* nor the *Realpolitik* of the liberal journals. In the past the magazine's strength has lain in its ability to shock us, to call out the beasts, its instinct for grinding up hypocrisy, and for liberating violent and erotic truths. But the English historian, Christopher Hill, has remarked that "all established truths, just because they are established, tend to become lies." Or if not lies, dull familiars. As the *Evergreen Review Reader* heads toward innumerable coffee tables across the land, it somehow seems less likely to continue its creative affronting of the settled order, sexual or political. Yet it may only be that the last few years in this country have eclipsed any mere magazine's capacity to outrage us.

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The Passionate Eighties

WHERE THEY GO TO DIE: The Tragedy of America's Aged. *By Richard M. Garvin and Robert E. Burger. Delacorte Press. 224 pp. $4.50.*

MURRAY POLNER
Mr. Polner teaches history at Suffolk County Community College.

This book's major premise is that homes for the aged are rotten places in which to dump your old parents and grandparents. Whether they are called restoriums, sanitoriums or nursing homes, they share the same faults: they overcharge, they cut costs by reducing individual care, they strip away the dignity of the old. With the coming of Medicare, they have become a booming growth industry. The authors, both advertising men on the West Coast, also imply that a Pulitzer Prize awaits the intrepid reporter who will visit nursing homes—preferably at off hours—and "tell it like it is."

The book goes on to charge that patients are often given tranquilizers for the sole purpose of keeping them quiet. It also suggests that many patients are sexually and physically abused by nurses and attendants. Proof? The authors don't offer any. No one has ever sued. Senility and fear keep many patients from complaining. One man I knew insisted that his father looked as if he had been beaten each time he visited; the home assured him the old man had merely fallen. Who knows?

Certainly the medical profession is no help. The biggest unkept secret is the fact that large numbers of doctors like to invest in nursing homes. "All you have to do to keep a nursing home profitably full is to cut in a physician or two on the profits," the authors quote one unnamed administrator. And so far as tranquilizers are concerned, trade journals such as *Geriatric Nursing* for example, are filled with full-page ads promoting these pills. There are some disastrous side effects for the aged in their use, but the pharmaceutical houses push them, the journals advertise them, and it is reasonable to believe the nursing homes use them, with or without a doctor's prescription.

We have become a neo-parricidal culture, as this angry and peppery little book maintains. "The nursing home," the authors conclude, "holds a terror for the aged that Bedlam once held for the insane, that chain gangs held for the convicts, and that sweatshops held for children." The reasons are numerous. People today live longer but suffer from more chronic diseases. The traditional concept of family responsibility for the aged has dissolved. Significantly, too, there's a lot of money to be made in this business.

For the poor, nursing homes are a disaster. Admittedly, the $10 daily or so paid to them by the government does not bring much of a return on investment. As a result, most of them are snake pits. The better homes will charge patients from $150 weekly and up. That's only for room and board. The extras, such as clean sheets for incontinent patients, medicines, laundry charges, etc., may run higher than $100 additional per week. But if nursing homes didn't pay, they wouldn't continue to multiply. Recently, the Public Health Service reported that nursing homes increased from 6,539 in 1954 to 11,981 in 1965. New homes have mushroomed everywhere since then. Expenditures are way up. Since 1950 PHS reports public spending up seventeen times, from $30 million to $510 million. These figures are all pre-Medicare. What has happened since is that a humanitarian scheme to help the aged has become instead a subsidy for the benefit of private businessmen. Everyone makes out, except the old people. With plenty of homes in which to get dumped, they are left with nothing to do but wait for the grave in "indignation, terror and helplessness."

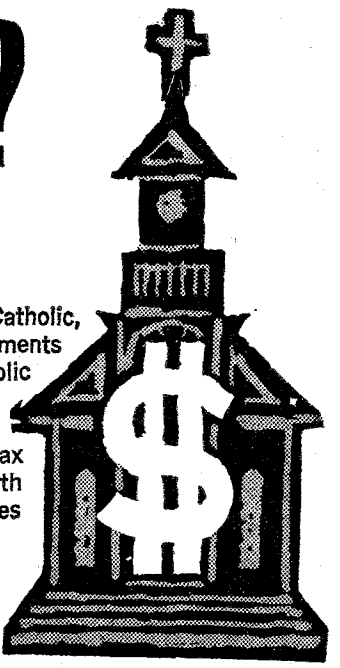
"Age puzzles me," wrote an 85-year-old woman not long ago. "My seventies were interesting, I thought it was a quiet time. But my eighties are passionate. I grow more intense as I age." Who would want to segregate *that* woman? And do we really have to put them into nursing homes? The authors point out that more than nine out of ten Britons over 65 live at home. They quote a British official who told a conference on aging:

> Our philosophy is that old people want to remain at home, in their houses, surrounded by their own possessions, their own memories. We don't mind whether it is a good home, a bad home, a tiny home. That's where we believe they should be, where they feel secure.

Why indeed pay tax moneys to build so many nursing homes to house old people who are quite capable of functioning in the outer world?

Several years ago Midge Decter wrote in *Commentary* one of the best things ever done on the aged. Cutting through

Should Churches Be Taxed?
By D. B. Robertson



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the pap and the euphemisms about "golden age," she stressed that old age was a bad time. Alone, and isolated, the aged sense finally that they have been "had." All their lives they had worked, loved, and obeyed all the rules "only to find that the spirit is a substance which turns rancid in storage." I would go a bit further. Without the security of family life, they had discovered, too late, an America that was indifferent, insolent and ruthless.

Elizabeth Bowen Country

EVA TROUT: Or Changing Scenes. *By Elizabeth Bowen. Alfred A. Knopf. 302 pp. $5.95.*

ROBERT K. MORRIS

Mr. Morris, assistant professor of English at CCNY, has written a critical study of Anthony Powell (University of Pittsburgh Press), and is working at present on a collection of essays on the contemporary British novel, to be published by Southern Illinois University Press.

Enter onto an English scene on a fading winter's afternoon. An abandoned castle stands immaterial against a sunless sky; swans drift absently, barely disturbing a lake glassy in smoothness. Angular, natural but awkward, a young woman is leading an outing, in some way symbolic we suspect, though we must wait 300 pages to discover why. This is Elizabeth Bowen country, a world of neutral tones, where the landscape will eventually mirror the half-life of a cold, remote, maddeningly tranquil heroine who lives on the margin of fantasy and reality.

One setting of Miss Bowen's, one heroine, suggests others, and it is no secret that she has written much the same sort of thing for more than thirty years: the so-called novel of sensibility which moves at a leisurely pace, is convoluted in emotions and involuted in thought, and is incredibly shy on plot. Here the reader may find a good deal of italicized dialogue, long walks outdoors or through vast rooms of stately homes, broodings over the "right thing," quests after the ineffable, struggles and failures to connect, and thwarted ends posited on unhappy means.

Invariably the gap between the novelists of sensibility and contemporary writers of soft-shell or hard-core porno, freewheeling humor (black, ethnic or otherwise), revamped confessionals and up-tempo regionalism has never seemed greater. An age turned on by happenings and wracked by disintegration has scant patience for the intangible qualities of ultra-sensitive or super-sophisticated minds. To cavil, however, at the relevance of this kind of writing is one thing; to bring it off quite another. And Miss Bowen, endowed with the finesse and precision of a classicist, has seldom failed to bring it off.

Eva Trout: Or Changing Scenes bears her unmistakable imprint, though according to the author it differs from earlier novels by "[following] the fortunes of one character along whose line of fate the events are strung." The contrast would appear to be with books like *The Death of the Heart* and *The House in Paris,* which worked a single theme around the shifting viewpoints of several characters. But in fact, the distinction is even more important. Miss Bowen remains in the van of those who believe that character is action, yet until now she has rarely tried to raise either above the somewhat outmoded levels of psychological realism. To my mind *Eva Trout* is her first full attempt to discover in the very private and insulated world of sensibility a mythic center that will enlarge the dimensions and permanence of her themes. And by myth I do not mean the creaky furniture of analogies but a universal mode of expression and identification.

Eva is, from the first, writ larger than life: exceptionally tall, immensely (and mysteriously) wealthy, rootless and restless. Her "genesis"—Miss Bowen's own subtitle—begins in the manner of a sentimental education, but circumstances and irony turn her into an exile, seeking in change some solace for the fall from innocence. Childhood for Eva —as for so many of Miss Bowen's heroines—is a time of pain, an atonement of sorts for being a child in an adult environment. Left motherless, she is displaced in her father's affections by his lover, Constantine Ormeau, an effete, intelligent homosexual who later becomes her guardian and entrusts her teen-age upbringing to Iseult Arble (Eva's English teacher) and her husband, Eric. More from misguided motives than maliciousness, and through an overwhelming inadequacy that is part and parcel of their own civilized but passionless marriage, the Arbles further shatter Eva's already faltering sense of reality.

Her flight from them seems initially a step toward independence, but it becomes a destructive plunge into loneliness and futility. Now begins an eight-year wandering through England, France and the American Midwest; in tow her deaf-mute son, not fathered by Eric as everyone had believed but a dud bought on the baby market. Motherhood becomes one more perversion of the imagination; and more terrible still is Eva's realization that she may die having never known love. At the limits of her fantasy she stages a mock honeymoon departure with Henry Dancey (her intended) for all those who have in some way touched or impinged upon her life. And in a London station is played out the final grim charade and the inevitable denouement.

Ingenuously, but in a way that might bear some critical scrutiny, Miss Bowen calls *Eva Trout* a "tragi-comedy." Whatever the current fad for measuring either, both modes are really but different faces of the same human condition and, if not interchangeable, omni-operative. Tragi-comedy, perhaps more successfully than its separate components, deals with the ambivalence of experiences as they pertain generally to life and not to art. Eva's peculiar relationship with the Arbles, her warped mastery over her son, Jeremy, her antagonism to Constantine, and her hopeless future for herself and Henry are the particular ways in which she answers two of the profoundest questions a novelist can ask: how can one live and how much space and time are allotted for living?

For in the last analysis Miss Bowen's novels speak most eloquently of identity and time: identity lost, not found; time that not only contains passing life but renders life emptier and emptier as it passes. It is in some ways a ruthless book; happiness is taken out of the world and nothing replaces it, unless it be silence. Indeed, happiness no longer even seems a commodity worth the search. What one goes after is existence; on any terms possible one must know one is alive. And everything pales beside the solipsistic certainty that Eva grasps for one perfect moment as she is traveling with her son:

> They were their own. Wasted, civilization extended round them as might acres of cannibalised cars. Only they

GOOD MONEY AFTER BAD

Their profiles fit for medallions,
their faces burnished to bronze,

American dreams that tarnish
like old silver or gold, or vanish.

In time of war, young men
are the coin of the realm.

WILLIAM HEYEN

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moved. They were within a story to which they imparted the only sense. The one wonder, to them, of the exterior world was that anything should be exterior to themselves—and *could* anything be so and yet exist?

I doubt very much that Miss Bowen is here being ironic. To have such a vision only briefly might be worth everything else life has to offer. *Eva Trout* is indeed a "tragi-comedy," but it is something of a problem novel as well. It is a fairy tale, a winter's tale, but no heroine steps down from her pedestal to be forgiven and loved; the ugly duckling remains ugly; the poor rich girl does not find her prince. There is beauty, but no heat; and the illumination lights up equally the disasters of living in a world created for us, or of creating a world of our own. This is the real problem of "genesis." Miss Bowen's garden of innocence is only a stone's throw from the desert of experience, but the settings remain identical. "No pathos invested the scene. There was no afterglow—there had been no sun. And the swans were gone."

Nation Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

SHIP ISLAND AND OTHER STORIES. *By Elizabeth Spencer. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 175 pp. $5.95.*

Most of these stories are about people who are consciously but helplessly trapped and ruined by their environments or, conversely, about those who are able to lift the spell by walking away from it. Instead of describing what is happening to her characters, Miss Spencer, almost by signals, makes the reader not only *know* what is happening but also become the character's ghostly accomplice—or the other way around. Her methods are magical rather than psychological, and, along the way, she isolates and illuminates particular facets of Southern white culture with a dreamlike intensity which is startling in its power. This collection is that rare volume that truly deserves to be called distinguished, extraordinary.

NIGHT FLIGHT TO HANOI. *By Daniel Berrigan. The Macmillan Co. 140 pp. $4.95.*

Father Berrigan, the Jesuit poet, is one of "the Baltimore nine" convicted recently of burning Selective Service records in Maryland with homemade napalm. Most of his book consists of the diary he kept when he and Howard Zinn traveled to Hanoi last winter to receive three released American pilots in the name of the American peace movement [see "The Petty Route Home" by Howard Zinn in *The Nation,* April 1]. The author does not dwell on the fact that the mission was betrayed in the end, but with the possible exception of Norman Fruchter's report of his journey in *The Village Voice,* this account is perhaps the most shattering one yet published by those Americans who have visited the people against whom our country is waging war. Although the events of his trip are fascinating, it is Father Berrigan's responses, as painstakingly recorded here, that are remarkable; not a glimmer of rhetoric or self-righteousness is in evidence, and the work vibrates with a love of human life and a profound feeling for community that are contagious in their strength and clarity.

THE HEART-KEEPER. *By Françoise Sagan. Translated from the French by*

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Robert Westhoff. E. P. Dutton & Co. 128 pp. $3.95.

In this wicked, funny, and very well-translated seventh novel, Mlle. Sagan presents Dorothy Seymour, a middle-aged, single, cynical and very likable Hollywood writer. When Dorothy takes a weird but pleasant young man in to live with her and begins to panic about their satisfying, nonsexual relationship after a systematic series of murders occurs, it all seems perfectly reasonable—even without the LSD which Sagan has him taking in her misguided effort to convince us that he's *really* weird. There's a diabolical ending and, although it's all a little flashy and super-Hollywood, readers who still think Mlle. Sagan is for the ladies' magazines will find that she has been badly underrated.

A CEREMONY OF INNOCENCE. *By Robert Wool. The World Publishing Co. 308 pp. $5.95.*

Mr. Wool's hero—wise, handsome, witty, New England-bred—is a Galbraithian U.S. ambassador to a fictional Latin American country trapped between the beneficence of the United States and the Soviet Union. The characters are wonderfully drawn and the political manipulations are described with skill and humor. Given the ambassador's sophistication, however, it's hard to applaud him for his final enlightenment about the true motives of his country, which dawn upon him after a CIA coup almost destroys the relationships he has worked so hard to solidify. The situation of the novel is one which surely takes place with almost humdrum regularity in American foreign policy; but this is a novel which should have begun at the point where Mr. Wool has been content to end it.

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. . . AND OTHER DIRTY STORIES. *By Larry L. King. The World Publishing Company. An NAL Book. 263 pp. $5.50.*

"More and more one worries less and less about his Nobel competition and more about what they are paying for 3,000 words these days over at *Sadistic Detective*." Mr. King, novelist, journalist and native Texan, is a very witty man. Although this volume of what he might call his Collected Shorter Works suffers from the chronic collection syndrome—some not very good pieces are stuck in to make it book length—there are a number of fine pieces (about Texas, the daily insanities of what passes as the American political scene, and autobiographical reflections on the rough life of the working writer) which make it a delight. I laughed out loud at least once every 30 pages, a record that other readers might easily break.

ART / Lawrence Alloway

American painting achieved international status in the 1950s, as a result of work begun in the late forties. American art done earlier in the century, aside from a contribution to Dadaism, was generally regarded as provincial. There were two ways of being provincial: one was to use strongly American subject matter, and the other was to use European styles as a model. You were damned if you did or didn't. However, the dominance of American art in the sixties has increased native confidence to the point at which the disreputable early phases are being revived respectfully. The thirties are in process of rehabilitation and one sign of this is the exhibition at the Whitney Museum of American Art called "the 1930s: Painting and Sculpture in America."

The catalogue of this interesting show is not yet ready—an unusual delay for the Whitney which has always managed to coordinate publications and *vernissages*, unlike the Museum of Modern Art where shows have been known to close before the catalogue was available. William Agee, the curator at the Whitney who arranged the 1930s show, has left to go to the Modern where, presumably, we can look forward with interest to more late catalogues. The choice of works makes an excellent show and, lacking the catalogue, I will have to guess at Mr. Agee's purpose.

The exhibition turns out to be not the survey that the title suggested but something narrower. Mr. Agee has sought-out, good-looking easel paintings, by the American artists who were adapting European forms of modernism to the New York scene. This enterprise has some real rewards, expanding our knowledge of a part of the recent past that is still dim and schematic. Certainly it disposes of the idea that New York art before the "Abstract Expressionist" generation was merely a deprived echo of European canons.

Stuart Davis has long been regarded as a brilliant individualist, an isolated big-city Cubist; in fact, it is clear from this show that a jaunty Cubism flourished in the United States. Painterly versions of Cubism by Arthur B. Carles, John Graham, Hans Hofmann, Carl Holty, Karl Knaths and George L. K. Morris provide a stylistic context for Davis' cheerful Cubism. Hofmann's radiant vertigo around a center-leg Cubist table or Morris' sensualizing of Juan Gris's sober color in his "Stockbridge Church" are typical—and impressive. One can see similar transformations of Mondrian's grid and primary colors by Burgoyne Diller, and a sweet, strong play with the whitened pinks and blues of Purism by Patrick Henry Bruce (a neglected, good artist). There is no need to extend the list, because there can no longer be any doubt that, in terms of logical extension and personal usage, American painters in the thirties had mastered their originals.

If I am right and Agee's intention was to demonstrate the Americanization of European style, he has succeeded handsomely. What is shown is convincing; my only doubt is that Mr. Agee has settled on the most interesting aspect of the thirties. In the last few years, the thirties have been condensing as a visible period style. To take a couple of examples: Jim Dine used archaic neckties in early paintings and has attached a square armchair to a canvas; more recently, Roy Lichtenstein has used the ornament of the thirties as a source of forms in his so-called "Modern Paintings." His subject, here, is a *style*, the look of a period that has been revived—in part, as Lichtenstein has pointed out, by old movies on television.

Agee, on the other hand, is looking at the thirties in an anti-period way. He searched for, and found, the works closest to a currently reputable image of modernism. By the exercise of good taste, he has isolated the moderately conceived and traditionally well-painted works, passing over the extravagant manifestations of "Style 1935" or "Art Déco," or whatever it will be called finally.

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Agee's kind of connoisseurship reduces the art of the thirties by highly sensitive discrimination, to a canon of aesthetic excellence, to a main line of development among all that was going on. This approach reduces the period to an anthology of sensuous and moderate works of art. This may sound like a very happy result, but another approach to the recent past is to hunt, among the paintings of the artists under consideration, for the highly developed works of a period. It is a choice between the modulated and the maximal. Each approach delivers different rewards, but Agee has rejected entirely the maximal work and concentrated on well-painted pictures, poised between the School of Paris and New York of the fifties.

The rewards are nevertheless considerable. For example, a characteristic of the thirties in Paris, which turned out to be fruitful in New York, is a mingling of Cubism and biomorphism; or, it could be called the sexualizing of Cubism. Starting with some Picassos of the twenties via Braque's rare but influential figure paintings, strong erotic and humanizing details (hair, breasts and apertures mostly) grew within the geometries of Arshile Gorky, John Graham and David Smith. They produced a kind of marriage of form and Freud, of pure structure and girls, which is continued in the early works of both Pollock and de Kooning, despite their immense personal differences. The nature-romanticism, familiar from the work of William Baziotes and Theodoros Stamos in the forties, is well shown in works by Arthur Dove and Georgia O'Keeffe. Geometric abstraction, especially in its more garrulous forms, is very well displayed.

Agee has reduced the painters of the American scene to an elegant minority, which is misleading; he should either have left them out entirely or given them a representative showing. As it is, Thomas Hart Benton, a Midwest Jacopo Bassano—not Tintoretto, as has been suggested—is perfunctorily shown by one tight little painting, and John Steuart Curry's violence (hogs fighting a snake, a tornado) is missing, and missed, from his slack, fat "Wisconsin Landscape." Grant Wood's "Daughters of the Revolution" was not only painted outside the decade, in 1942, it is not one of the artist's livelier pieces. This quiet caricature, one of Ben Shahn's Sacco and Vanzetti paintings and Louis Guglielmi's "Izaak Walton in Brooklyn" (a man fishing in a gutter) are overmild samples of the social art of the period.

Protest art in New York in the sixties is becoming a matter of intention; an artist does his thing, and makes a statement or shows it in a context that confers militancy on his standard product. In the thirties, iconography carried the message, but such imagery is missing from this review of the aesthetic thirties. The public imagery of the WPA is dropped, and so, except for one Pollock ("Birth"), is the Mexican influence. It may be that Agee did not have space for wall-sized paintings, but the iconography of the murals recurs in easel painting. (There are, also, non-WPA murals, with interesting themes, such as Paul Feeley's, which could have been represented by studies and oil sketches.)

MUSIC / David Hamilton

Mr. Hamilton is music editor for W. W. Norton, and for some time he has contributed regularly to High Fidelity. *Benjamin Boretz is on leave for this season, but he will write occasionally in the next several months.*

For those who have long since abandoned the Metropolitan Opera as anything more than a museum operation, the musical-theatre season's most disappointing event to date was not the choice of Cilèa's tedious *Adriana Lecouvreur* as the museum's first showing; this merely confirmed a suspicion that the curators are wanting in taste (or perhaps in integrity—for it is widely believed that this particular opera is staged here only at the insistence of its leading lady). It was, rather, the choice of Gounod's *Faust* to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the New York City Opera, which evoked an unwelcome suggestion that Lincoln Center's smaller company is now placing more emphasis on the "museum repertory" than on its past reputation for broadening (even if sometimes erratically) the musico-theatrical experiences of New York audiences. In particular, the comparison between the "gala" treatment accorded Gounod's opera (October 17) and the left-handed introduction of Hugo Weisgall's *Nine Rivers from Jordan* on a subscription evening (October 9) was an unsettling omen of the way the wind may be blowing at the City Opera.

It is possible that the cash outlay for the new opera (settings, production and rehearsals) exceeded that for the old one, but it was insufficient in terms of the only standard that matters—doing justice to the requirements of librettist and composer. That the musical performance came anywhere near to giving satisfaction was due to the Herculean efforts of the enormously capable and professional conductor, Gustav Meier, who was making his debut with the company. He seemed able to cue virtually everything that happened (as well as a few things that failed to happen on schedule), without ever losing a sense of impetus and a control of the music's progression. On the other hand, the basic-set production rarely clarified the action and often—as unit sets are apt to do unless planned with great skill—succeeded in obfuscating plot matters not excessively clear to begin with. Similarly, the management of stage action in the crucial second act was inprecise and unilluminating.

The theme of Denis Johnston's libretto (drawn from his novel of the same title)—the responsibility of an individual in the face of Nazism's atrocities—was adorned with, but not integrated into several layers of symbolic reference that failed to become dramatically operative; and Weisgall's music, for all its probity of craftsmanship and impressive continuity of texture, progressively lost musical impulse as the theatrical abstraction increased (the hour-long first act maintained strikingly greater consistent interest than its briefer successors). Even if all the singers had projected the text as successfully as did Joshua Hecht, if the climaxes of the second act had achieved a real weight of sound (a notable lapse by the designer was the failure to provide risers for the chorus at this point), and if the staging and lighting had articula-

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ted the dramatic levels more clearly, the opera's basic problems would have remained. Nevertheless, such a serious new work deserves better treatment than this one received.

Whether *Nine Rivers from Jordan* could have stood all the detailed care with which *Faust* was invested by Frank Corsaro's staging is a question. Doubtless many members of the opera public are delighted by new visual counterpoints to the music they know by heart, and less knowledgeable viewers surely relish the redundant pantomiming of details already explicit in the texts they cannot understand; but the more perceptive in both categories are bound to be confused by those passages where Corsaro's genuinely inventive flair for clarifying action and defining character relationships carries him beyond the limits laid down by the music. As at the end of Act I in Corsaro's version of *La Traviata,* where the return of Alfredo and his acceptance by Violetta are specifically ruled out by Verdi's ingenious and dramatically functional treatment of a musically traditional repetition, so the de-supernaturalization of Mephistopheles and the non-apotheosis of Marguerite in this production fail to carry out direct implications of the score and its style.

The best reasons for attending this revival are two exceptional performances that do complete justice to Gounod's elegant music as well as to the dramatic design: the Marguerite of Beverly Sills, whose spontaneous musicianship and impeccable vocal technique equal the combined resources of most of her Metropolitan opposite numbers rolled together, and the Mephisto of Norman Treigle.

Other forms of theatre with music have been visible in New York recently, under less probable auspices. The opening concert in Hunter College's "New Image of Sound" series, performed by members of the Buffalo Center for the Creative and Performing Arts (October 31), was "structured almost as a progression from straight concert performance to theatre," according to the program notes. In this particular case, the decline in musical interest and craftsmanship at each step along the "progression" was quite striking and disturbing, although I know of no reason why this should be a necessary consequence of the introduction of verbal and visual elements. Following Ives's little *Hallowe'en* (performed straight), György Ligeti's *Nouvelles Aventures* provided a further instance of the "musical Gresham's law" that Benjamin Boretz warned of in connection with this series last season (*The Nation,* April 15), for the Pop-art-oriented audience took audible delight in the visual aspects and thereby managed to drown out many of the subtle coloristic puns that form one of the work's genuinely humorous aspects (it is recorded on Wergo 60022, an import available at some record specialty shops).

Later in the evening, this sort of response proved rather less problematic, for subtle effects were hardly to be found in, say, Lejaren Hiller's *Avalanche for Pitchman, Prima Donna, Player Piano, Percussionist, and Pre-recorded Playback.* During the greater part of Hiller's work, all the performers spewed forth at top volume a steam of sound undifferentiated in totality and undistinguishable in detail—the pitchman speechifying from an elaborate podium, the prima donna singing and frantically changing costumes (the virtuosity of the costume designer here was the sole element of genuine wit), the player piano pounding away at "ninety themes from the standard literature 'composed' on an IBM-7094" (for all that could be heard it might as well have been an old Ampico roll of Paderewski playing *Rustle of Spring*), and so on. Neither here nor in Larry Austin's more soporific *The Magicians* (a bevy of children monotonously pantomiming, squealing and counting in the shadow of a "psychedelic" mobile, to the accompaniment of occasional film projections and dismally unarticulated electronic "junk sound"—for some forty minutes) could I detect any evidence of willingness to face the genuine and serious problems involved in achieving a significant relationship between music and theatre.

Such a willingness was amply evident in Charles Wuorinen's "masque," *The Politics of Harmony,* performed at the first concert of the Columbia Group for Contemporary Music (October 28); although not a stage work, this was a dramatic one, in which a genuine progression of musical development could be perceived to parallel the libretto, a highly structured succession of "narrations," "symphonies," "dialogues," "arias" and instrumental episodes. Over the total length of the piece, I found the limited and very special sonorities (from an ensemble comprising two each of flutes, tubas, violins, contrabasses and harps, plus percussion and piano) passed from a strength to a weakness, and there seemed to be some problems of pacing—but also, by contrast with the goings-on at Hunter, ample evidence that a secure musical technique is a useful prerequisite for dramatic composition. It would be regrettable if the immense effort involved in preparing Wuorinen's work (which he conducted himself) were limited to this one performance.

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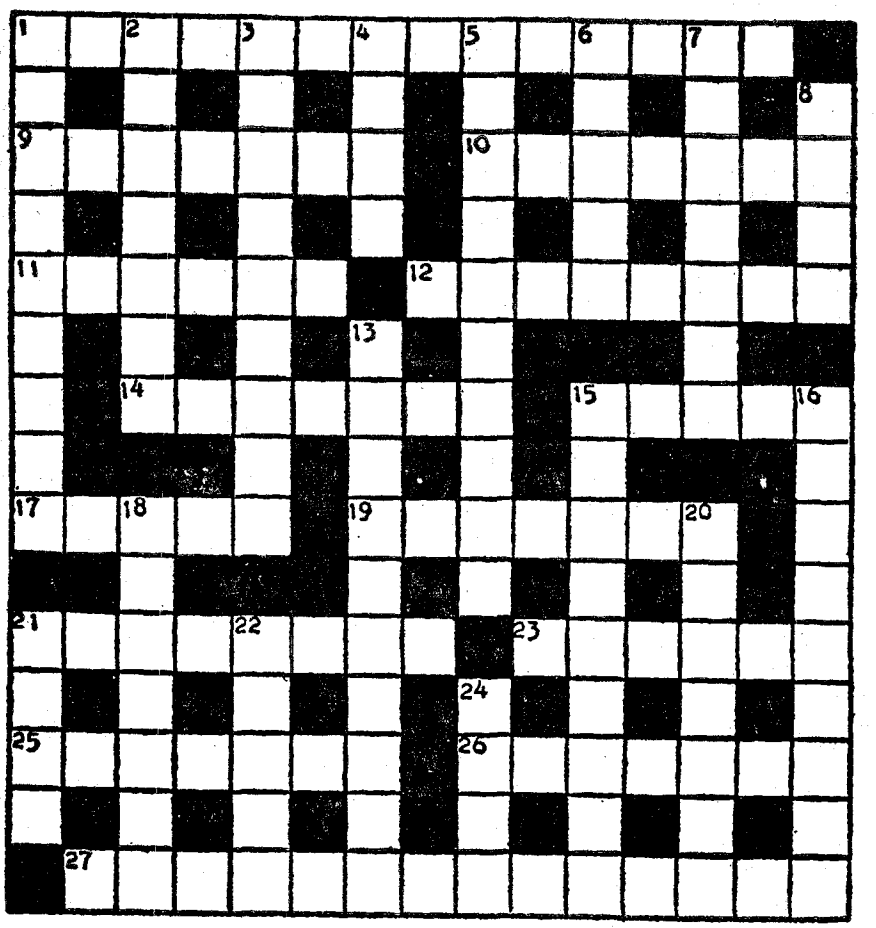

ACROSS

1 Probably stamped as being the Perfect Knight's defense? (5-5,4)
9 and 16 A line meeting a surface might make it to sound somewhat like a point of view with "happenings." (5,2,9)
10 I've got mixed up in some trouble to bring something about. (7)
11 Hue. (6)
12 What the owner might have done, given access. (8)
14 This writer is accomplished, finally getting the back rent. (7)
15 Seemingly, but not actually. (5)
17 Make the cargo separated? (5)
19 Listening closely, as Alfred E. Neuman seems to be. (3,4)
21 One might on leaving the hotel with an official. (8)
23 A number of yarns at the coast? (6)
25 See 3 down
26 It's a rotten matter to sound the order to continue, almost! (7)
27 Letters of identity? (14)

DOWN

1 Far-flung sort of dragon depicted by the painter? (9)
2 The grid struggle by which all wrongs are corrected? (7)
3 and 25 across Through which prisoners were led to trial, but perhaps not as big as it sounds. (3,6,2,5)
4 Bring into the wind. (4)
5 Legitimate enterprise, illicit enterprise—either should stop, if it comes to this! (10)
6 Mohammedan title of the expected one. (5)
7 One would have to overcome it before getting away from a 5. (7)
8 Have a natural inclination to take care? (4)
13 Sits at the first table? (10)
15 A couple of cuts might enable you to have things given accommodation. (9)
16 See 9 across
18 A little devil concerning technique! (7)
20 Where one gets express indication of social rank? (7)
21 By which the animals entered? (4)
22 Associated with German or American tanks. (5)
24 Reiterative sound of the chorus. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1271

ACROSS: 1 Downing Street; 9 U-boat; 10 Underline; 11 Lockout; 12 Wattles; 13 Exult; 14 Detection; 16 Take cover; 18 Rodeo; 19 Natural; 21 Manacle; 22 Roumanian; 23 Ictus; 24 Berchtesgaden. DOWN: 1 Double entendre; 2 Woodchuck; 3 Introit; 4 Grunt; 5 Tidewater; 6 Erratic; 7 Thill; 8 Person-to-person; 14 Devilfish; 15 Indicated; 17 Corsair; 18 Running; 20 Thumb; 21 Manse.

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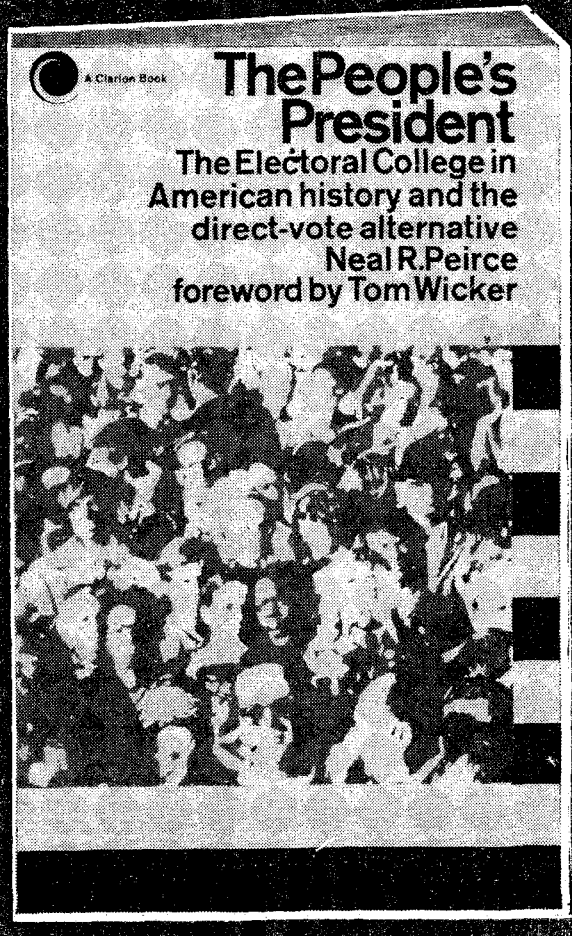

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